
HYMNS
for the
Household of Faith

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# Hymns

FOR

# The Household of Faith,

AND

# Lays of the better Land.


HYMNS
for the
Household of Faith

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# Hymns

FOR

# The Household of Faith,

AND

# Lays of the better Land.

"Thanksgiving and the Voice of Melody."

LONDON:
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, Paternoster Row,
AND 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.
1861

# PREFACE.

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This Volume is not intended to be a collection of Hymns or Sacred Poetry already well known and popular—such as are in every one's hands, and have become household words in Christian homes; but it is rather a volume of *Devotional Poetry,* some published now for the first time, and much of it from sources not generally known, brought together to illustrate and adorn some Gospel theme or precious promise, on which the believer loves to dwell. Many new translations of beautiful German hymns of daily life, and several noble Mediæval hymns of praise, together with some sweet flowers of native growth, "things new and old" will be found in these pages—"Songs for all seasons"—suited to the various circumstances of the outer and inner life of the Christian pilgrim;—"a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and

streams from Lebanon," to refresh him as he journeys through this world's waste to his Father's home of peace and love; or, to borrow another metaphor from "the Song of Songs," A garden enclosed full of pleasant fruit, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices, only waiting the breath of the Beloved to blow upon it, that its perfume may flow out!

The Editor begs to return thanks to the kind friends who have contributed original compositions and new translations of German hymns to enrich this volume, as also to the authors and publishers who have so courteously allowed their published works and copyrights to be made use of for the same purpose. Among these must be named, with grateful acknowledgment, The Rev. J. D. Burns, author of "The Vision of Prophecy," *(Edmonston and Douglas,* Edinburgh); The Rev. H. Bonar, author of "Hyms of Faith and Love;" J. B. Monsell, author of "Parish Musings;" Miss Winkworth, author of "Lyra Germanica," *(Longman and Co.);* the accomplished Author of "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," and "The Three Wakings," *(Nisbet and Co.),* to whom every lover of hymns must feel indebted; the Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," *(Kennedy,* Edinburgh); Miss Proctor, author of "Legends and Hymns," *(Bell and Daldy,* London); and Mr. Yapp, the publisher of "Whispers in the Palms," (by Anna Shipton.)

Doubtless these Christian friends, and many others whose names are not here mentioned, but whose works have contributed to enrich this collection, will be pleased to learn that they are thus helping to water a feeble

plant which needs the aid of kindly hands, as well as the sun and air of heaven to bring its fruit to perfection. Probably few of those into whose hands this little volume may chance to fall have heard of so humble a domicile as the Orphan Home, at Headingley, near Leeds; the object of which is to receive destitute female children, picked up in "the lanes and alleys" of our crowded towns,—infant Lazaruses left to perish at rich men's gates, or to live to become a curse to themselves, and all around them; to collect these poor wanderers on the world's highway into Christian Homes, to train them on the *family system*, and fit them for future usefulness, is what is now attempted; the principle of Orphan Homes might be indefinitely extended, if labourers could be found. Any brother or sister in the Lord desiring to lend a helping hand in this "labour of love,"—to secure "the blessing of him ready to perish,"—and to assist in leading these stray Lambs to the Good Shepherd, are invited to co-operate in a work, where, indeed, the harvest is great, but few and feeble the hands found to reap it. Any profits accruing to the Editor will be devoted to this cause. Further information respecting the Orphan Home at Headingley, can be had by a line addressed to the publishers, who will forward any communications to the Managers, who will be glad to answer all enquiries.

"Lovest thou Me?" "Feed My Lambs."

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# Truth.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth.
Thy Word is Truth."

"Before Thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth;
Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by this ray."

Sir W. Jones

# Truth.

THE rounded whole of Truth the mortal mind
May never mirror in its narrow sphere,
Yet, as it looks to Heaven, may hope to find
The faint reflection ever wax more clear.

To him that seeks, it is more largely sent,
Nor need he grieve that all can not be given;
Upon the leaf each dew-drop is content
To hold its segment of the round of heaven.

---

"Strive for the truth to the death, and the Lord shall fight for thee."—Ecclus. IV. 28.

"Thou requirest truth in the inward parts."

O God of truth, whose living Word,
Upholds whate'er hath breath;
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord! that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies,
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Mount Thy white horse, Thou Word of God ;
Thy blood-stained vesture don :
To the last strife with death and hell
Lead Thy great army on.

Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white.

We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin !
He who would fight for Thee on earth,
Must first be true within.

Then God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And lay the falsehood there.

Thou sword which goeth from his mouth,
Smite these false hearts in twain !
Here burn, thou never-dying fire !
Fall on, thou fiery rain !

Still smite ! still burn ! till nought is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down—
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

# Faith.

"Faith is the *confidence* of things hoped for."

"For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our *confidence* firm unto the end."

Hope still, though darkness round thee spread,
Count mercy in the cloud o'erhead,
And lean thee upon God.

Wait for the strength the Lord will send,
He that endureth to the end,
Shall win the crown at last;
Nor will he mourn the way was dim,
Christ trod a darker way for him,
And clasps his weak hand fast.

"*Only believe*"—O wondrous words!
That wake the doubting soul's dull chords,
That Jesus pleaded thus.
"Only believe"! O Lord of Light,
Help us to watch for Thee by night,
Who watched all night for us.

ANNA SHIPTON.

# Faith.

"Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild blaspheming crew,
Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

We were not with the chosen few,
Who saw Thee thro' the clouds ascend,
Nor raised to heaven our wondering view,
Nor to the earth did prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

Now Lord of love who reign'st on high,
And dost Thy waiting people bless,
With rays of glory from the sky
Which shine e'en on our wilderness;
We can believe Thy faithful Word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

---

## FOR THE EPIPHANY.

From the German of Müller.

A LIGHT is breaking forth—
O soul! delay no more;
The wondrous star gives tidings true,
Thy Lord is at the door.

Go forth from thine own land
To seek this Lord afar,
And let thine eyes be ever turned
Towards that bright morning star.

To thee it has arisen—
Mark thou that beam so mild,
It leadeth thee to thy Saviour-Lord—
Jesus the heavenly child.

Now, therefore, ready be,
Leave all thou hast behind,
Leave all thou lovest dear and best,
Go forth with willing mind.

And gird thyself in haste
To journey through the wild,
And tarry not upon thy way,
Till thou hast found that Child.

Then fall thou at His feet,
In thy heart's lowliness;
He with His heavenly ray of joy,
Thy soul will deign to bless.

Offer thyself to Him
In grateful, loving fear,
And sing with all the Angel-choir
Immanuel, He is here!

Here is the Truth, the Way,
The entrance into Life;
Here is the gate of Paradise,
A resting-place from strife.

With God and all His saints
Thou hast communion dear,
Here by this manger thou art blest,
God dwelleth in thee here.

A way He sheweth thee
Thou knewest not before
The path of quietness and peace
To the true heavenly shore.

M. G. T.

## SONNET.

I CALL my little child unto my knee;
He leaves his play, and resting his small hand
Gently on mine, most quietly doth stand,
Waiting with patience till I set him free;
And his sweet face looketh up lovingly.
Without a shade of doubt at my command,
But fond confidingness, expression bland
Of pure affection in his eyes I see.
Oh! if the earthly parent doth receive
Such willing duty, loving reverence,
Much more should we—God's children—fear to grieve
By setting our self-will *His* will *above*
*Him*, who to all so richly doth dispense
The gracious tokens of His boundless love.

H. M. RATHBONE.

---

"Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."

O FAINT and feeble-hearted!
Why thus cast down with fear?
Fresh aid shall be imparted,
Thy God unseen is near.

His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes;
Observes their strength and number,
And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow,
Once more a cheering ray.

Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,
Conceal heaven's fair abode;
Yet now faith's power prevailing
Should stay thy mind on God.

---

## EXHORTATION TO FAITH.

(From Hymns of the Primitive Church.)

Thou little flock, whose Shepherd is above,
From sinful fears your wavering mind refrain.
Are ye not now partakers of His love?
Are ye not partners of His future reign?

How many saints who now surround His throne,
Were once like you with cares and sorrows, worn?
Their griefs unnoticed, and their joys unknown,
They dared not murmur and they would not mourn.

They bore the cherished burden of the cross,
And thus the strait and narrow way they trod;
Through many a doubtful contest, many a loss,
Still slowly struggling on their way to God.

The inward bursts of passion, or of pride
They sought with prayer and watching to subdue,
With many a comfort to themselves denied,
The path of indigence they loved to strew.

Their daily banquet was the Holy Word,
Their chiefest pleasure and their noblest prize;
And oft on mild devotion's wings they soared,
And held communion with their kindred skies.

This was their path by which they rose to God;
Eternal Lord of Heaven, be ours the same;
May we too come and join them in the road,
And still ascending, praise Thy glorious name.

CHANDLER.

---

"And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."

WHAT! gazing on your Saviour's face,
And listening to His Word,
Dared ye to ask for further grace,
To credit all you heard?

Yet, so it is; belief springs still
In soils that nurture doubt;
And we must go to Him who will
The baneful weed cast out.

Did never thorns thy path beset?
Beware! be not deceived;
He who has never doubted yet,
Has never yet believed.

HINDS.

## THE EFFICACY OF FAITH.

The waves were dashing loud and high,—
My child looked on with me;
"Father," she cried, "why may not I
Trust God, and walk the sea?

Was it not lack of faith alone
That made the Apostle sink?
By faith, therefore, it may be done;
Father, what should I think?"

"The Lord bade Peter go, my child;
And should He thee command,
Thy feet would on these waters wild
Be firm as on this sand.

But life has storms more awful yet,
Waves rougher than yon sea;
Then do not thou in these forget
That Jesus is with thee.

Care not what others have to do—
What may be, or has been;
But, on the path God calls thee, go,
And use thy faith therein."

HINDS.

"Faith worketh by Love."

O MOURN not that the days are gone,
The old and wondrous days,
When Faith's unearthly glory shone
Along our earthly ways;
When the Apostle's gentlest touch,
Wrought like a sacred spell,
And health came down on every couch
On which his shadow fell.

The glory is not wholly fled,
That shone so bright before,
Nor is the ancient virtue dead,
Though thus it works no more.
Still, godlike Power with goodness dwells,
And blessings round it move,
And Faith still works its miracles,
Though now it works by Love.

It may not on the crowded ways
Lift up its voice as then,
But still with sacred might it sways
The stormy minds of men.
Grace still is given to make the faint
Grow stronger through distress,
And even the shadow of the saint
Retains its power to bless.

*From The Voice of Prophecy, by* J. D. BURNS.

# Love.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

"Tell me, my wishing soul, did'st ever try,
How fast the wings of red-crossed faith can fly?
Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are swifter; but the swiftest *love*."

QUARLES.

"Say, hast thou ever yet,
Implored on bended knee,
Of all-embracing love,
That thine this love might be?
Whilst with full choice thy heart was given,
To Him who reigns through earth and heaven."

*From the German of* LAVATER.

"How little and how lightly
We care for one another;
How seldom and how slightly
Consider each a brother.
For all the world is every man
To his own self alone,
And all beside no better than
A thing he doesn't own."

TUPPER.

# Love.

## WHAT LOVE IS.

LOVE is the source of breath and life,
The very fount of bliss;
The light that fills the world above,
And sweetly shines on this.

Love is the gentle air of heaven,
Enjoyed by angels there,
And wafted from that beauteous land,
To soothe the sons of care.

## THE LOVING ONE.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd."

THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die,
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unheeding, or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

O, gentle Shepherd ! still behold
Thy helpless charge in me ;
And take a wanderer to Thy fold,
That trembling turns to Thee.

---

## LOVE KEEPING WATCH.

Far on yon heath, so lone and wild,
A mother sits to watch her child,
Delighted with its heedless play,
Yet fearful of its going astray.

God watches both : O, mother ! pray
That when these little feet shall stray
O'er paths of life more lone and wild,
God still may watch thy heedless child.

Pray, little one, that God may bless
Thy mother for her tenderness,
And watch her from His throne above
With all her own unwearied love.

HINDS.

---

## LOVE SPRINGING FROM FORGIVENESS.

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone because Thy bounteous hand,
Showers down its ceaseless gifts on ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth, rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life and beauty with his light.

Because thou roll'st the orbs of light through trackless fields of space,
And giv'st to each low creeping flower its own peculiar grace;
Because in sunshine and in storm alike we see Thee near,
In summer gale and rushing storm alike Thy voice we hear.

'Tis not alone because Thy names of Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Are written on the earth beneath and the glorious skies above ;
We praise thee, Lord, for these, yet not for these alone
The incense of a Christian's love arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we had erred and gone astray,
Thou did'st recall our wand'ring souls into the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's night,
Thou did'st beam forth a guiding ray of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways, nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not an avenging judge, but a gracious father still.
Because we have forgotten Thee, but Thou hast not forgot—
Because we have forsaken Thee, but Thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord ! Thou loved'st us with everlasting love ;
Because Thou gav'st Thy son to die that we might live above ;
Because when we were doomed to hell, Thou gav'st the hope of heaven.
We love, because we much have sinned, and much have been forgiven.

J. A. E.

## THE LAW OF LOVE.

"And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, Bring me yet a vessel. And he said unto her, There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed."—II. Kings iv. 6.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above,
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

## EXITE, SION FILIÆ.

(Mediæval Hymn.)

Daughters of Sion, seek your King!
Go forth,—go forth to meet Him!
Your Solomon is hastening
Where that dear flock shall greet Him.
The sceptre and the crown by right
He wears, in robe of purple dight.

Your Solomon—the Prince of Peace—
Bears not His mother's laurel,
But with the olive bids to cease
The long and bloody quarrel.
Jesus, the Son of God Most High,
Offers His peace to them that die.

It glitters fair His diadem,
But thorns are there entwining,
And from the Red Sea comes each gem
That in its wreath is shining:
Their radiance glows like stars of night;
With precious blood-drops are they bright.

The royal sceptre that He bears,
Beneath whom nature quaketh,
No monarch's pride and pomp declares,
A reed, it feebly shaketh:
For iron sceptre ne'er possess'd
The power to guide a human breast.

The festive purple of the Lord,
  Is here no garment stately ;
A vest, by very slaves abhorred,—
  The worm hath tinged it lately.
"I am a worm," of old, said He,
And what its toils have tinged ye see.

We, therefore, to the King of Kings
  Bow lowly, from Him learning,
To pomp and pride, that this world brings,
  To make our boast in spurning :
Such love the members best adorns,
For whom the Head was crowned with thorns.

*Translated by* C. Neale.

---

## GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
  Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
  Bountiful and free :
Yet to help their giving
  Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be showers
  Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
  Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
  From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
  Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
  By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures—
  From fair nature learn:
Give thy love, and ask not,
  Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
  From thy little store,
With a double bounty
  God will give thee more.

A. A. Procter.

---

## "THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

Sweet brooklet ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
  Whither away?

"With Pilgrim course I flow,
"Or in summer's scorching glow,
"Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
  Nor stop nor stay;

"For O, by high behest
"To a bright abode of rest,
"In my parent ocean's breast,
"I haste away."

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy moss,
Thy feeble force must pass,
Yet, yet delay!

"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
"Though the crag be stern and steep,
"On, on my course must sweep,
"I may not stay;
"For O, be it east or west,
"To a home of glorious rest,
"In the bright sea's boundless breast,
"I haste away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord, they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet stay!

"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
"I respond to the warbling bowers,
"And sweetly they charm the hours
"Of my winding away;
"But ceaseless still in quest
"Of that everlasting rest,
"I haste away."

Knowest thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Ah, rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet stay!

"O, who shall fitly tell,
"What wonders there may dwell?
"That world of mystery well
"Might strike dismay.
"But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
"There held I must needs be blest,
"And with joy to that promised rest,
"I haste away."

LORD GLENELG.

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## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THY neighbour?—It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the weary man
Whose years are at the brim,
But low with sickness, cares and pain,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphan helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worn,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go share thy lot with him.

## STORES OF LOVE.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light:
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right.

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds,
Circling us around,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain:
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true;
Yet all with wings:
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though greatly blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

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## OF WEISSE IN HIS 72ND YEAR.

Richter, who was mostly kindly received by him in Leipsic, says, "In his 72nd year his *face* is a *thanksgiving* for his former life, and a *love-letter* to all mankind.

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers.

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind,
The gentle will, to others soon resigned,
But, more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds,
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

True to his kind, nor to himself afraid,
He deemed that love of God was best array'd
In love of all the things that God had made.

He deemed man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway unto freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes, and duties fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled,
Yet, in his heart was he a simple child.

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## THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

"Der Dienst des Herrn."

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

How blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand!

With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.

How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour
The time of rest draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

## THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

'Tis not the blood-stained vest alone
That makes the Lord's true champions known,
For often 'tis a bloodless strife
Through which we enter into life.

No lingering cross, no torturing flame,
Procured our saint a hero's name,
But self-condemned to sin he died,
To the vain world self-crucified.

He was not call'd upon to feel
The lash, the dungeon or the wheel:
A martyr's pains he did not prove,
But he had all a martyr's love.

By faith he quench'd his carnal pride,
By faith his flesh he crucified;
And love, descending from the skies,
Consumed the holy sacrifice.

Oh, yes, he ever ready stood
For Christ to shed his own life-blood!
But this was not the will of heaven—
His tears alone were ask'd and given.

May Christ to us such grace supply,
That we through life may learn to die,
And oh, may we, when life is o'er,
Be raised by Him to die no more.

*Hymns of the Primitive Church, translated by* CHANDLER.

## THE BATTLE WON.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

My task is o'er, my work is done,
And spent the weary day;
I've fought the fight, the battle's won,
And I must haste away;
Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown, thro' all eternity!

A crown, by Hands eternal wove,
Meet for a child of God,
Gemm'd with the jewels of His love,
And purchased by His blood;
Which human hands could ne'er have wrought,
And human merit ne'er have bought.

Farewell, the cross, 'neath which so long
I've watched, and fought below,
And welcome now the harp and song
That wait me where I go.
Yet O, that cross must still be dear,
Tho' borne thro' many a sorrow here!

And oft throughout eternity,
'Mid all that's bright and blest,
Its joys my constant theme shall be,
And I will love it best;
For 'twas through Him who died thereon,
My fight was fought, my Victory won!

J. B. Monsell.




"I will trust the Lord at all times."



# Trust.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife
  Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
  Thou enviest, is of Him preferred.
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;
  'Tis easy to our God Most High,
To make the rich man poor and base,
  To give the poor man wealth and joy;
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
  But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
  So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need,
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

*From Lyra Germanica.*—Neumarck, 1653.

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"He shall direct thy paths."

O Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
  Has chastened my wanderings, and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
  And weaned me from phantoms which smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure, Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below,
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe,
And bitterness flowed with the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, but cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou showedst me the path,—it was dark and uneven,
All ragged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
I asked, and Thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

Lord Glenelg.

"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. Waring.

"My Father is the mighty Lord,"

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 21.

"Mein Vater ist der grosse Herr der Welt."

My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm
Spans earth and sky, and shields his child from harm;
Whose still small voice of love is yet the same,
As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came,
Whose glorious works the angel-choirs declare,
He hears their praise and hearkens to my prayer.

My King is God's eternal, holy Son,
And He anoints me as a chosen one;
He has redeemed me with His precious blood,
And for unnumbered debts has surety stood;
He fought the foe, and drew me by His hand,
Out from His camp, into His Father's land.

My brotherhood's a circle, stretching wide
Around one fount, although a sea divide;
With fathers, who behold the Lord in light,
With saints unborn, who shall adore His might,
With brothers, who the race of faith now run,
For union and communion, I am one!

My journey's end lies upward and afar,
It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star,
And oft as faith has caught some glimpse serene,
So often clouds and mist obscure the scene;
Yet in this longing ends each vision dim,
To see my Lord! and to be made like Him!

My grave so long a dark and drear abyss,
Is now scarce noticed on the way to bliss;
Once at the gates of hell it yawning lay,
Now stands as portal to the land of day;
It takes me to the Father's home so blest,
It brings me to the feast a welcome guest.

*Hymns for the Land of Luther.*—LANGE.

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## THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

(On finding it filled up by the Arabs.)

THEY have stopp'd the sacred well which the patriarchs
dug of old,
Where they water'd the patient flocks at noon, from
the depths so pure and cold;
Where the Saviour asked to drink, and found at noon
repose,
But the living spring He opened, no human hands
can close.

They have scattered the ancient stones, where, at
noon, He sat to rest,
None ever shall rest by that well again, and think
how His accents bless'd;
But the rest for the burden'd heart, the shade in the
weary land,
The riven rock with its living streams, for ever un-
moved shall stand.

Earth has no Temple now, no beautiful House of God;
For earth is all one temple-floor which those sacred
feet have trod;
But in heaven there is a throne, a home, and a house
of prayer,
Thyself the Temple, Thyself the Sun; our pilgrimage
endeth there!

*From the Three Wakings.*

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"Soon and for ever."

"The time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

"Soon and for ever"—such promise our trust,
Tho' ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust;
"Soon and for ever," our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee;
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remember'd no more.
Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be "Soon and for ever."

"Soon and for ever" the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
"Soon and for ever" we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been.
When fightings without us, and fears from within,
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin;
Where fears and where tears, and where death shall
be never,
Christians with Christ shall be "Soon and for ever."

" Soon and for ever " the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
" Soon and for ever " the soldier lay down
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When, (blessed reward of each faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be " Soon and for ever."

*From Parish Musings, by* J. B. Monsell.

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## GOD'S WILL IS BEST.

(The following version, by Mr. Faber, of a fine old Latin Hymn, in rugged rhymes, gives much of the best type of Christian experience.)

" I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

" Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

" He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

" Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!

" When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

" I have no cares, oh blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine."

FABER.

# Prayer.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

MONTGOMERY.

# Prayer.

## THE KEY OF THE MORNING AND LOCK OF NIGHT.

COME to the morning prayer!
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

At eve, shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there "the house of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray."

MONTGOMERY.

"Pray without ceasing."

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping, on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Hemans.

## SONNET.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach—
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirits true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less—
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart,—is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

Trench.

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"Their strength is to sit still."—Is. xxx. 7.

When wordly men, and wordly ways,
Provoke thy wicked will,
"Watch,"—for the careless heart betrays;—
Be silent, and be still!

When scorn that wounds, and wrong that grieves,
Thy bursting bosom fill,
"Pray,"—for the prayerless heart deceives,—
Be silent, and be still!

Bear all that mortal hate can do ;
  Its worst may only kill ;
His hope is sure, whose heart is true,—
  Be silent, and be still !

One bitter word, one angry thought,
  Will haunt thy mem'ry, till
It hurt thee more than him it sought ;—
  Be silent, and be still !

Trust Him to right thee, who can take
  Vengeance whene'er He will ;
Forget thyself ; and for His sake
  Be silent, and be still !

J. B. Monsell.

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## THE MERCY-SEAT.

How blest, when parted through the day,
  Friends near and dear at evening meet,
To read the Word, to praise and pray,
  United round the mercy-seat.

From kindred lips and mingling hearts,
  The song of praise flows calm and sweet,
The purest joy that earth imparts
  Is found beside the mercy-seat.

Still, O our God, as evening falls,
These hallowed moments may we greet,
And love the peaceful hour which calls
Our household round the mercy-seat.

There find a dearer home in home,
A happy rest,—a safe retreat,—
And know the peace and joy that come
To those who love the mercy-seat.

And when our earthly work is done,
May we be found, our joy complete,
In Thee, in Christ, for ever One,
Around the heavenly mercy-seat.

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"Ask and it shall be given you."

THERE is an EYE that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night,
There is an EAR that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an ARM that never tires,
When human strength gives way,
There is a LOVE that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That EYE is fixed on seraph throngs,
That ARM upholds the sky,
That EAR is filled with angel's songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

That power is *prayer* which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the Throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

---

"Ye receive not because ye ask amiss."

"All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Oft had I prayed,—believing prayed,
Yet nothing could obtain,
And in my folly oft I said,
"And is the promise vain?"

I prayed in youth that I might win
The race of youthful pride;
Though hope burned like a fire within
My heart, it was denied.

I prayed for power, I prayed for wealth,
Nor wealth nor power was mine;
In lingering pain I prayed for health,
And felt my strength decline.

At the last, Wisdom spoke,—"My son,
Christ's kingdom is of heaven;
Ask heavenly things—they shall be done."
I asked, and it was given.

HINDS.

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## COUNSEL TO A SOLDIER.

BEFORE thou wendest to the fray,
For king and country—soldier! pray
The Lord of Hosts to give thee heart
And strength to act a warrior's part.
In danger, prayer shall more avail
Than mail to guard when foes assail,
Or brand to take the foeman's life.
His hands when Moses heavenward spread,
More of the Gentile warriors fell
Than by the sword of Joshua bled,
And all the host of Israel.
Then let thy hand be in the fray,
But with the heart, O soldier pray.
Pray, and thou yet shalt find in fight,
That prayer is more than mortal might;
Pray, and let each petition be
Linked with *His* Name who pleads for thee.

PRITCHARD, 1664.

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## PRAISE AND PRAYER.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."—2 Cor. v, 17.

"O Treuer Heiland Jesu Christ."

We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

The old security is gone,
In which so long we lay;
The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled,
The darkness rolled away.

New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.

But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

Ere to Jerusalem above,
The holy place we come,
Where nothing sinful or defiled,
Shall ever find a home!

Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun:
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.

Ah, leave us not! from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.

Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,
Or separate from Thee,
That, Lord, remove, however dear
To the poor heart it be!

When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light Thy yoke of love.

So shall we faultless, stand at last,
Before Thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

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## THE BLESSED REST.

"I will both lay me down and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Again farewell, ye hours of day,
Slow hours of toil and care,
And welcome evening's calm approach,
And evening's hour of prayer.

How sweet the rest which, after toil,
The weary frame renews;
The sleep which bathes the fevered mind
In cool refreshing dews.

But sweeter far the rest—the strength—
Which only prayer can bring,
The true reviving draught to drink
From mercy's secret spring.

So, through the new and living way,
By all believers trod,
Would I approach the mercy-seat,
And commune with my God.

My sin, and want, and grief to lay,
Full in my Saviour's sight,
To ask forgiveness for the day,
And blessing on the night.

Thus pleading Jesus' blessed name,
The only password there,
My soul this night shall enter through
The gate of heaven by prayer.

---

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

"Christian! seek not yet repose";
Hear thy guardian-angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes—
"Watch and pray!"

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours—
"Watch and pray!"

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambush'd lies the evil one—
"Watch and pray!"

Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All, with one sweet voice exclaim—
"Watch and pray!"

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word—
"Watch and pray!"

*Watch*, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
*Pray*, that help may be sent down—
"Watch and pray!"

C. Elliot.

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"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air, nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

The evening shades to rest invite,
Beasts to their covert roam,
Birds nestle in the leafy shade,
But *Jesus* has *no home*.

The mountain tops his presence know;
He spends the night in prayer,
Nor ceases till the morning breaks,—
Dawn finds the Saviour there.

In prayer and tears He spends the night,
Oh how should He *but* weep,
A world of sinners spread below,
Wrapt in their nature's sleep.

Yet kinder than the tenderest sire,
He minds our earthly frame,
And gives the rest He might not know,
To those who love His name.

Then O my soul, canst Thou refuse
One hour with Him to spend,
Who watched the weary night for thee—
Thy ever-living Friend.

La Trobe.

# Christ Precious.

"To you therefore, that believe, He is precious."

# Christ Precious.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I!

My Christ He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ, He is the Heaven of heaven,
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All in All.

"Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a hiding place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'lling days are done.

H. BONAR.

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be *one* in Us."

LORD Jesus are we *one* with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
*With* Thee we died upon the tree,
*In* Thee we live above.

Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery *one*.

Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine,
Confessed, and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now in glory bright,
Still *one* with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

O teach us Lord to know and own
This wond'rous mystery;
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display
*That Thou with us art* ONE.

J. DECK.

"Now mine eye seeth thee."

Whom see I? Not the God I sought
With vague imaginings of mind;
A Deity of formless thought,
A God no human heart can find.

Whom see I? Not the God of fire,
Mosaic priests and prophets saw;
A Being of avenging ire,
The Father of a flaming law.

I see Him, not on wild and waste,
Where pilgrim patriarchs bent the knee,
Nor yet in Zion's temple, graced
As temple never more may be.

They heard from Sinai's steep His voice,
But I on Calvary view His face;
I see Him and with right rejoice;
I see Him full of truth and grace.

He speaks—it is a brother's tone,
He bleeds—the stream is love divine,
He dies—but in that dying groan
Is life for myriad souls—for mine.

M. J. Jewsbury.

"And the Lord direct your hearts unto the love of God."

My poor heart clung to earth—too high
And holy for affection's eye
Was He who rules in heaven above;
I trembled, and I could not love.

Delightful then it was to me,
Jesus, to sit and think on Thee;
Thee I could love; each day became
More dear to me Thy human name.

Time brought—I know not how—time brought
My heart the blessing it had sought;
And O! the truth was heaven to me,
That I loved God in loving Thee.

HINDS.

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## THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.

THINK on the mercy of our God—
  Our great Redeemer's love;
How the dim waste of earth he trod,
  And left His throne above;
And all frail man, His foe, to save,
And show him hopes beyond the grave.

He came not in a warrior's path,
With mighty armies strong;
He came not as a God of wrath,
Avenging Judah's wrong.
To preach on earth His Father's word,
A little child came Christ the Lord!

Glad was our Saviour's natal morn;
Angels rejoiced in heaven,
That "unto us a child is born,"
"To us a son is given."
And angels left their home on high
To tell of Christ's nativity.

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## A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison wall cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose Providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

GUYON.

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## REST IN CHRIST.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

SILENCE in heaven and earth!
The hush of love or fear;
His voice the Highest sendeth forth,
The still small voice is here.
The world's hoarse murmurs under,
Its loudest din above,

It speaketh not in thunder,
But in words, and the tone is love.
It calls, and a gift it offers;
To whom are those words addressed?
"Come, *ye that are heavy laden,*
And I will give you *rest.*"

Ye that have toiled in vain,
Till strength and hope have fled,
And lavished the years that come not again,
For that which is not bread;
Ye who are toiling now,
Weary in heart and limb,
With a strength each day more low,
And a hope each day more dim;
Weary in soul and spirit,
Toiling with hearts oppress'd,
"Come to Me, all that labour,
And I will give you rest."

Is guilt unpardoned there,
With heavy hand and strong;
The weight in the air of measureless fear,
Or of hope deferred long?
The sorrow which freezeth tears
With the force of a sudden blow,
The long dull pressure of weary years,
Bowing you silently low?
Many the burdens and hard
Wherewith the heart is press'd:
"Come, *all* that are *heavy* laden,
And I will give you rest."

The world has many a promise
To beguile the blithe and young;
But to you the world is honest,—
It has ceased to promise long.
Wealth, pleasures, fame, successes,—
The world has store of these;
For you it no cure professes,
It offers you no ease.
But *I* have an Arm almighty,
And a balm for the faintest breast;
"Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

Would ye fain among the sleepers
In dust your tired hearts bow?
The rest I give is deeper,
And I will give it *now*.
No dull, oblivious sleep
In the lull of pain represt,
But all your hearts to steep
In perfect and conscious rest,—
Rest that shall make you strong
To serve among the blest.
"Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

The rest of a happy child,
Led by the Father on,
Feeling His smile, and reconciled
To all that He has done;
Of one who can meekly bend
'Neath My yoke with Me beside;

Of a soldier who knows how the fight will end
With a Leader true and tried:
The rest of a subject heart,
Of its best desires possest.
"Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

Rest from sin's crushing debt,
In the blood which I have shed:
From the pang of vain regret,
In the thought that I have led.
Rest in My perfect love,
Rest in My tender care,
Rest in My presence for you above,
In My presence with you here.
Rest in Me slain and risen,
The Lamb, and the Royal Priest.
"Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

E. C.

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"All my desire."

Thou, whose love unshaken
Has my spirit taken
For her sole delight;
In my heart for ever
Shine and leave me never;
Thou, who art our light.
Who has Thee, from care is free;
Whom Thy own true love inspireth,
Thee alone for aye desireth.

Whom Thyself Thou givest,
In whose heart thou livest,
Loveth all Thy will;
He in sweet communion,
Dwells with Thee in union,
Loveth and is still.
Faith's calm eye, when Thou art nigh,
Sees earth's brightness fade away,
Melting in Thy perfect day.

Light when all is dreary,
Rest when life is weary,
Joy beyond all sorrow;
He who knows thy treasure,
From created pleasure
Never more may borrow.
All but Thee that pleases me,
Beareth sin beneath its smiling,
From *Thy* peace my heart beguiling.

All of earth we cherish,
Charms us but to perish,
All must fade and fall;
Thou alone for sadness,
Givest light and gladness,
Thou art All in All.
If Thy love my soul can prove,
I and all things else may sever,
Thou art still mine own for ever.

Saviour true and holy,
To the poor and lowly,
Make Thy glory known;
All my sorrow stilling,
All my spirit filling,
With Thyself alone.
I am Thine, dear Lord be mine,
Till in Thy unclouded heaven,
All Thy love to sight is given.

B.

*From the German of Tersteegen.*

# The Christian Life.

I slept and dreamt that life was beauty :—
I woke and found that life was duty :—
Was then my dream a shadowy lie ?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A gleam of light and truth to thee.

# The Christian Life.

"Fight the good fight of faith—lay hold on Eternal Life."

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won,
To new commencing strife;
A Pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand.
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet,
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil:
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely thou tread'st a foreign soil;
How can'st thou hope repose?

Seek, soldier-pilgrim, seek thy home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers fight no more.

Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane.

The land where suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway;
Jehovah's ever burning throne
Upholds unbroken day.

The land (for heaven its bliss unseen,
Bids earthly types suggest,)
Where healing leaves and fadeless green
Fruit-laden groves invest.

Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace.

Where they who meet shall never part,
Where Grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

THOMAS GISBORNE.

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"Run with patience the race set before you."

RUN ye the race, 'tis not earth's fame
For which we bid you run;
Lift up your eyes, with grateful heart,
And gaze on yonder sun:—
A crown more glorious than his beams,
Christ bids you strive to win;
A home where tempest rageth not,
Nor sorrow entereth in.

Immortal souls, prisoned in forms
Of this decaying earth,
The casket—oh! how perishing,—
The gem of priceless worth.
Press onward, for one gracious smile
From your Redeemer's face,
Repays far more than all the toil
And labour of the race.

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"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—James i. 22.

Talk not of feelings and of frames,
When duties round thee lie,
They are but empty sounds, and names—
These a reality!

Waste not thy life in idle dreams
Of what that life should be;
But live it,—use it,—for it teems
With tasks for thee and me.

Talk—it is easy,—dreams are sloth,—
Mere wishes idler still;
Thy heart and hand, God wants them both
To love, and do His will.

Then rise, and in its strengthening might
The narrow path pursue;
There wait, or watch, or rest, or fight,—
Whate'er is duty—do.

Do with that earnest faith, whose creed
Mere words could ne'er declare;
Spoken in every daily deed,
And every nightly prayer.

*From "Parish Musings," by* J. B. Monsell.

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## SAMUEL.

"Then Samuel answered—Speak, for thy servant heareth."

In Israel's fane by silent night
The lamp of God gave fitful light,
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose,—he asked whence came the word!
From Eli?—No, it was the Lord.

Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice has reach'd our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us, Thy servants hear.

CAWOOD.

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## THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass."

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load!—
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He, who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure;
On HIS work must thou rest,
If *thy* work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
He giveth all to prayer!

Father! Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor sufferest them to lose.

All means, always possessing,
Invincible in might;
Thy doings are all blessing,
Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou Thine own defending,
Dost undertake their cause.

Though all hell's armies throng
Thine onward course to stay,
Thou passest calm along,
Nor swervest from Thy way.
What Thou hast once disposed
And ordered in Thy strength,
Whatever powers opposed,
Must reach its goal at length.

Hope then though woes be doubled,
Hope and be undismay'd;
Let not thine heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.

This prison were thou art,
  Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart,
  In His own blessed noon.

Up, up! the day is breaking,
  Say to thy cares, good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
  Like dreams in day's fresh light.
*Thou* wearest not the crown,
  Nor the best course canst tell;
*God* sitteth on the throne,
  And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then!
  No king can rule like Him;
How wilt thou wonder when
  Thine eyes no more are dim:
To see those paths that vex thee,
  How wise they were and meet;
The works that now perplex thee,
  How beautiful, complete!

Faithful the love thou sharest,
  All, all is well with thee;
The crown from hence thou wearest,
  With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand, to-morrow,
  Thy God shall place the palm,
To Him who chased thy sorrow,
  How glad will be thy psalm!

PAUL GERHARD.

*From The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*

## ABIDE WITH ME.

JOHN xiv. 23.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord! with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth did'st smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power.
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

T. Lyte.

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## FOLLOW ME.

"Jesus saith unto His disciples, If any man follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow."

Voyager on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity,
Turn from earthly things away;
Vain they are, and brief their stay:
Chaining down to earth the heart,
Nothing lasting they impart;
Voyager, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow me.

Traveller on the road of life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife—
Know the world can never give,
Aught on which the soul can live.
Grasp not riches, seek not fame—
Shining dust, and sounding name.
Traveller, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow me.

Wanderer from thy Father's home,
Hasten back—thine errings own;
Turn—thy path leads not to heaven;
Turn—thy sins will be forgiven;
Turn—and let thy songs of praise
Mingle with angelic lays.
Wanderer, here is bliss for thee;
Leave them all to follow me.

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## GROWING IN GRACE.

This did not once so trouble me,
That better, Lord, I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know,
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remained behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our heart reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone:
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

R. C. Trench.

# Tribulation.

"Patient in tribulation."

"Have you no friend to whom you can complain?
Complain to HIM who is the Friend of all men."

RICHTER.

"Art thou so weak? O canst not thou digest
An hour of travel for a night of rest?
Cheer up my soul, call home thy spirits, and bear
One sad Good Friday—Easter's feast is near."

QUARLES.

"My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss;
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere thou art cast anew."

QUARLES.

# Tribulation.

## FRIEND SORROW.

DO not cheat thy heart, and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."—
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget,"—
Bitter truth, alas,—but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not "seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:"—
Rather nurse the cagèd sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings—
List'ning for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

A. A. Procter.

"Huc ad jugum Calvariæ."

Up to the Hill of Calvary,
With Christ our Lord ascending,
We deem the cross our victory,
'Neath which His steps are bending.
What soldier is of generous strain?
One honour let him cherish—
With Christ, upon the battle plain,
A thousand times to perish!

On must the faithful warrior go
Whereso the Chief precedeth;
And all true hearts will seek the foe
Where'er the banner leadeth:—
Our highest victory,—it is loss;
No cup hath such completeness
Of gall, but that remembered Cross
Will turn it into sweetness!

Doth sickness hover o'er thy head,
In weakness art thou lying?
Behold upon the Cross's bed
Thy sick Physician dying!
No member in the Holy Frame
That there for thee must languish,
But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,
But what thy sin with anguish!

Have wealth and honour spread their wing,
And left thee all unfriended?
See naked on the Cross thy King,
And thy regrets are ended.

The fox hath where to lay his head,
  Her nest receives the sparrow:
Thy Monarch for his latest bed,
  One plank hath, hard and narrow!

Thy good name suffers from the tongue
  Of slanderers and oppressors?
Jesus, as on the Cross He hung,
  Was reckoned with transgressors.
More than the nails, and than the spear
  His sacred limbs assailing,
Judea's children pierced His ear
  With blasphemy and railing!

Fear'st thou the death that comes to all,
  And knows no interceder?—
O glorious struggle!—thou wilt fall
  The soldier by the leader!
Christ went with death to grapple first,
  And vanquished him before thee:
His darts then, let him do his worst,
  Can win no triumphs o'er thee!

And if thy conscience brands each sense
  With many a past defilement,
Hope thou in lowly penitence,
  By faith for reconcilement!
For He who bowed His holy Head,
  In death serenely sleeping,
Hath grace on contrite hearts to shed,
  And pardon for the weeping!

*Hymn of the Primitive Church, from Daniel's Hymnology.*

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Watcher, who wak'st by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a Helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free;
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee,
There is One who can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret fainting low,
A dart in thy breast which the world cannot know,
Wrestling, the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Lone one, and fading, with hectic streak,
With feverish pulse and wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the gloom of the darkened vale?
Look to the Guide who can never fail,
He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourning one, in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that cold gray stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the rose and myrtle instead,
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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## THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought,—how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this weary path before;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow, in our path appear?
The sweet remembrance will remain,—
More deeply did *He* suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with sorrow, pain, and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within;
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill, but sin;
And though indeed the very God,—
As *I* am *now*, so has *He been*.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

WILBERFORCE.

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## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

FATHER, my way is dark and wild,
Take pity on Thy wandering child,
And lead me, as Thy Spirit led
Those number'd with the holy dead.

Calmly they walk'd their vale of tears,
Untroubled by its phantom fears;
Children beneath a Father's care,
They only knew that Thou wert there.

O guide me as Thy Spirit gave
His guidance over land and wave,
To those who saw Thy Gospel spread,
And made Thy Word their daily bread.

O lead me as Thy Spirit led
The martyr to his fiery bed,
Who kindled with the kindling brand,
A torch that blazed through all the land.

Or if Thy child in silence goes
With those whose sorrow no man knows,
Still, Father, leave me not alone,
Until my pilgrimage be done.

HINDS.

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"How long."

My God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say—"How long";
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Not coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home;
With such a joy before my eyes,
Not wish the time were come,—
Of years the jubilee—of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet, peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each hurrying hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest, that the time Thy God
Appoints for thee, is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
Awake the cry—"How long,"
Let not faint-heartedness of soul
Damp thy aspiring song:
Right comes; truth dawns; the night departs
Of error and of wrong.

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"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Birds have their quiet rest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their nest,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all scenes and sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet he came to give
The weary, heavy-laden, rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber, on His breast.

What then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the path of peace to tread;
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once bid His gentle Spirit mourn,
Whose hand assayed to weave,
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.

Oh, why should I have peace,
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which could not rest nor cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above?

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nests,
Foxes their holes, and men their peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, on my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st; within
A heart that for Thy sake,
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

## SONNET.

(Written by Michael Angelo, in his 80th year.)

From a vexatious heavy load set free,
Eternal Lord! and from the world unloosed,
Wearied, to Thee I turn, like a frail bark
'Scaped from fierce storms into a placid sea.
The thorns, the nails, the one and the other hand,
Together with Thine aspect, meek, benign
And mangled, pledge the grace of mourning souls
Of deep repentance, and salvation's hope.
View not my sins in the condemning light
Of justice strict: avert Thine awful ear,
Nor stretch forth on me Thine avenging arm.
May Thy blood wash my guilt and sins away.
As age creeps on, may it abound the more
With timely aid, and full forgiveness.

*From The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*

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"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me!

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate :
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

But friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew :
Lord, Holy One ! if Thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too !

TRENCH.

---

## THE CRUISE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Is thy cruise of comfort wasting ? rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew ;
Scanty fare for one will often, make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth is living grain ;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

*From The Three Wakings.*

## VEILED ANGELS, OR AFFLICTIONS.

Unnumber'd blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from Thee.

Sweet tokens, written with Thy name;
Bright angels from Thy face they came.

Some came with open faces bright,
Aglow with heaven's own living light.

And some were veiled, trod soft and slow,
And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veil'd Angels, pardon! if with fears
We met you first, and many tears.

We take you to our hearts no less;
We know you come to teach and bless.

We know the love from which ye come—
We trace you to our Father's home.

We know how radiant and how kind
Your faces are, those veils behind.

We know those veils one happy day,
In earth or heaven, shall drop away;

And we shall see you as ye are,
And learn why thus ye sped from far.

But what the joy that day shall be,
We know not yet; we wait to see.

For this, O angels, well we know,
The way ye came, our souls shall go:

Up to the love from which ye come,
Back to our Father's blessed home.

And bright each face, unveiled, shall shine,
Lord, when the veil is rent from Thine!

*From The Three Wakings.*

---

"Lord, help me"

The way seems dark about me—overhead,
The clouds have long since met in gloomy spread;
And when I look'd to see the day break through,
Cloud after cloud came up with volume new.

And in that shadow I have passed along,
Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,
Walking in doubt, and searching for the way,
And often at a stand—as now to-day.

And if before me on the path there lies
A spot of brightness from imagined skies,
Imagined shadows fall across it too,
And the far future takes the present's hue.

Perplexities do throng upon my sight,
Like scudding fog-banks, to obscure the light;
Some new dilemma rises every day,
And I can only shut my eyes and pray.

Lord, I am not sufficient for these things,
Give me the light that Thy sweet presence brings;
Give me Thy grace, give me Thy constant strength:
Lord, for my comfort now appear at length.

It may be that my way doth seem confused,
  Because *my* heart of *Thy* way is afraid;
Because my eyes have constantly refused
  To see the only opening Thou hast made.

Because my will would cross some flowery plain,
  Where Thou hast thrown a hedge from side to side;
And turneth from the stony walk of pain,
  Its trouble or its ease not even tried.

If thus I try to force my way along,
  The smoothest road encumbered is for me;
For were I, as an angel, swift and strong,
  I could not go unless allowed by Thee.

And now, I pray Thee, Lord, to lead Thy child—
  Poor wretched wanderer from Thy grace and love—
Whatever way Thou pleasest through the wild,
  So it but take her to Thy home above.

"Undertake for me."

As those that watch for the day
Through the restless night of pain,
When the first faint streaks of grey
Bring rest and ease again;—
As they turn their sleepless eyes
The eastern sky to see,
Long hours before sunrise,—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through the long, long night of grief,
When the soul can only pray
That the day may bring relief;
When the eyes, with weeping spent,
No dawn of hope can see,
But the heart keeps watch intent,—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through that deepest night of all,
When trembling and sin have sway,
And the shades of thy absence fall:
As they search through clouds of fear,
The Morning Star to see,
And the Light of Life appear—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
And know that the day will rise!—
Though the weary hours delay,
As they pass under midnight skies:
Though the Sun of Righteousness
Only faith's clear eye can see,
Because Thou hast promised to bless,
Lord Jesus, I wait for Thee!

---

"My cup runneth over."

O look, my soul, and see
How thy cup doth overflow!
Think of the love so free,
Which fills it for thee so!

Let fall no tears therein,
Of self-will or of doubt;
There may be tears for sin,
But sinful tears keep out.

What lies within?—Life, health,
Friends—here, or gone before,—
Promise of heavenly wealth,
Of earthly, some small store,—

Power to act thy part
In earth's great labour-field,—
Grace which should make thy heart
An hundred-fold to yield.

The drops that overflow,
  Shine in the morning sun,
And catch the evening glow,
  When each day's work is done.

And if there mingle there
  Some drops of darker hue,
What colour would all bear,
  If all were but thy due?

These cannot now obtain
  A gleam from earthly light;
But look, my soul, again,—
  Use faith instead of sight.

Are they not sinful tears
  Which weep for humbled pride?
Or even the hope of years—
  By perfect love denied?

What God's own wisdom planned,
  Is it not right and meet?
Shall aught come from his hand,
  And not to thee seem sweet?

Ah, thankless heart! I feel
  It is thy unbelief!
For want of faith can steal
  The very joy of grief.

O earth-perverted taste!
  Seek, seek thy joys on high!
Lest my soul be a waste,
  With a river flowing by.

For what if from thy cup
All earth-joys dried away?
Can God not fill it up?
Think, guilty soul, and say!

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## IN THE FIELD.

Fighting the battle of life!
With a weary heart and head;
For in the midst of the strife,
The banners of joy are fled.

Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near,
And the music of Hope, this night,
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,
With a very tired hand;
With only my armour strong,
The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me*,
If all *my* strength were shewn,
So small the amount would be,
Its presence could scarce be known.

Fighting alone to-night,
With not even a stander-by
To cheer me on in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear—
  Only the Lord can see
The struggle within, how dark and drear,
  Though quiet the outside may be.

Fighting alone to-night!
  With what a sinking heart,—
Lord Jesus, in the fight
  Oh! stand not Thou apart!

Body and mind have tried
  To make the field my own;
But when the Lord is on my side,
  He doeth the work alone.

And when He hideth his face,
  And the battle clouds prevail,
It is only through His grace,
  If I do not utterly fail.

The word of old was true—
  And its truth shall never cease;
"The Lord shall fight for you,
  And ye shall hold your peace."

Lord, I would fain be still
  And quiet, behind my shield;
But make me to love Thy will,
  For fear I should ever yield.

For when to destroy my foes
  Thou lettest them strike at me;
And fillest my heart with woes,
  That joy may the purer be;—

Nothing but perfect trust,
And love of Thy perfect will,
Can raise me out of the dust,
And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands—
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting Thy commands,
Without one anxious thrill.

But as with sudden pain
My hands unfold and clasp,—
So doth my will start up again,
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee,
And fill my heart with Thy love;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks forth above.

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## VOICE FROM A PARSONAGE.

"Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God."

Tho' poor and weak and sorely tried,
To see so few attend,
Still let me Jesus' love proclaim,
My ever faithful Friend.

He can my humblest efforts bless,
And give His Spirit's light,
When all to human sight appears
Enshrined in darkest night.

And tho' they scorn my feeble word,
And count me mean and base,
My Saviour's smile shall cheer my soul,
From His most holy place.

He dwells above to plead for those,
Who taught by Him are wise,
Fleeing from sin, and wrath, and curse,
His matchless grace they prize.

That grace subdues the power of sin,
That grace inflames with love,
And leads the tempest-tossed soul
To soar to worlds above.

Without that grace where should I be,
Without that faith He gives?—
A restless spirit like the sea,
Convulsed by every wave!

But Jesus brought me from the pit,
And set my feet on high,
Shewed me the Rock above my head,
Where weary sinners fly.

And when returning griefs arise,
And cause my heart to faint,
I'll look to Him who always keeps
The feet of every saint.

The meanest of His household band,—
Upheld by grace divine,
Nor need they fear the mountain's rise,
Nor sorrows make them pine.

In humble faith they may repose
Upon His faithful Word,
Under each stroke of grief or pain,
Rest in their gracious Lord.

T.

# Submission.

Submit yourself to God, and you shall find God fights the battles of a will resigned.

KENN.

"Hush, hush my soul, nor dare repine,
The time thy God appoints is best;
While here to *do* His will be *mine*,
And *His* to fix my time of *rest*."

# Submission.

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill,—

Choose Thou for me, my Friend,
My sickness and my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice
In thing, or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

H. Bonar.

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## THE PATIENT WAITING FOR CHRIST.

I knew a mother, whose fair boy
So stirred the quiet bosom where he lay,
That she was always dreaming of the day
When he should be her staff, and pride, and joy.
And manhood's glorious day of strength arrived;
But while her hope was blossoming, he went
O'er Indian seas, on fame and wealth intent,
And then a second span of life she lived,
In patient, fruitless waiting for a time,
When in his altered form, and sunburnt face,
A mother's eye, despite of years, and clime,
Should read the lines no other eye can trace.
Meek spirit! thou didst learn to wait for One,
Who, when He comes, will bring with Him thy son.

Hinds.

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"What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

He strays—how far, to Thee alone,
My Saviour and my God is known;
Yet think upon Thy Word which says,
The wife may win him from his ways,—
May haply mend the broken tie
That linked us for eternity.

In mercy, Lord, his soul defend,
And be my Counsellor and Friend,
For unto Thee, and only Thee,
I tell my tale of misery;
No eye but Thine has seen my tears,
No bosom shared my doubt and fears.

Thou, too, art witness when I said—
"Until death part us we will wed"—
'Twas written on my fervent heart,
That we were not in death to part;
But that we asked a blessing then,
Which we might ask in heaven again.

In heaven? If I alone could be
In heaven, would it be heaven to me:
Save, save me from the thought, O Lord;
I will not go beyond Thy Word;
I'll labour for his soul and mine,
And all besides to Thee resign.

Hinds.

## MINISTRY.

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Since service is the highest lot,
And all are in one body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be crown'd.

The sufferer on the bed of pain,
Need not be laid aside from this,
But for each kindness gives again,
"The joy of doing kindnesses."

The poorest may enrich this feast;
Not one lives only to receive,
But renders through the hands of Christ,
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
Many a cup of ministry,
May for the weary veteran pour.

The lonely glory of a throne,
May yet this lowly joy preserve,
Love may make that a stepping-stone,
And raise "I reign" into "I serve."

This, by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird
  Our hearts for special ministry;
That creature best has minister'd,
  Which is what it was meant to be.

Birds, by being glad their Maker bless,
  By simply shining, sun and star;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
  By what we do, than what we are.

Since service is the highest lot,
  And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good her cup is fraught,
  Who was created but for this!

*From "The Three Wakings," by the author of "The Voice of Christian Life in Song."*

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"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Ps. cxix. 75.

My Father and my God,
  O set this spirit free!
I'd gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to Thee,
And made it Thine eternally!

Sweet were the bitterest smart,
  That, with the bended knee,
Would bow this broken heart;
For who, my Saviour, who could be
A sufferer long that flies to Thee?

The tears we shed for sin,
When heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within
Than worldly smiles,—which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless Thy just decree,
So Thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but Thee.

J. B. Monsell.

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## EXAGGERATION.

We overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels, overshone
By God's clear glory—down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead, flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills upon a level thrown,
And pant like climbers. Near the alderbrake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud as else she would.
O, brothers, let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly in a plaintive mood
The holy name of Grief—holy herein,
That by the grief of One, came all our good.

Eliz. F. Browning.

## EVENING SONG,

### AFTER A DAY OF DIFFICULTY.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life, divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright,
Fervent was my morning prayer;
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep;
At Thy feet my work I do;
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

Tender mercies! on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

MRS. WAREING.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Written by one, early called to rest, on her sick bed, the last Christmas of her life.

The Christmas bells rang gladly in
The merry Christmas morn;
The moonlit valley seemed to know
The day that Christ was born.

Beneath the moonbeams, wood and fell
So peacefully did lie,
It seemed as to those distant chimes
The brooks made glad reply.

And lying still awake, I caught
Those sounds of holy mirth,
Telling of our Great Father's love,
Who willeth "peace on earth."

And what though pain that night had made
My pillow wet with tears,
It brought those merry Christmas bells
More clearly to my ears!

And thus I thought is *every grief*,
Sent to us from above,
But to bring nearer to our hearts
Some message of deep love.

J. F. R.

## THE BLIND MAN'S HYMN.

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Are nature's charms all hidden for ever from my view?
Am I in darkness bidden my journey to pursue?
My Father! oh, my Father! Thy child can trust Thee still,
And strength from Thee can gather to suffer all Thy will.

Though many a form be shrouded that once inspired delight,
My soul's clear eye unclouded, and filled with inward sight,
May gaze with steadier vision on things to faith revealed,
And wait in meek submission for all to be unseal'd.

Vain things that once deluded, the world's false glare and show,
By loss of sight excluded, nor please, nor tempt me now;
Should I not welcome blindness, if sent, my God, by Thee?
In Thy parental kindness to break earth's spells for me?

Oh, if this sad privation, which men misfortune deem,
Make Christ and His salvation "the one thing needful" seem,

I then shall gain that treasure, impervious to decay,
Which ease, ambition, pleasure, might else have snatched away.

On Thee, my God, reclining, from things external freed,
Calm, peaceful, unrepining, I go where Thou shalt lead.
Loved looks, still lovelier seeming, in memory's glow arrayed,
On me are ever beaming, undimned by sorrow's shade.

Loved voices still can cheer me, sweet birds my ear can charm;
Kind guardians, ever near me, watch to protect from harm;
But, oh! the thought most cheering, fraught with delight untold,
Is this,—at Thine appearing, *Thy* face I shall behold.

C. Elliot.

These beautiful lines solaced the last days of the aged and blind Widow of the Poet of Rydal Mount, when sitting by her solitary hearth, the last of the household band. Her latest audible words were,—"My Father! oh, my Father! Thy child can trust Thee still."

## LONGING FOR HOME.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ."

Jesus, my best and Heavenly Friend,
Thou who hast died for me,
When wilt Thou call my spirit home
To be for aye with Thee?

Patience, patience thou my soul,
Wait only on the Lord,
Then in His own good time and way
He will fulfil His Word.

When His spirit has prepared thee
For His blessed rest above,
Cleansed thee by His precious blood,
Taught thee to trust His love;

He'll call thee for eternity,
To that most holy place,
Where, with angels, evermore
Thou shalt sing a Saviour's grace.

H. J. J.

## WHAT PLEASES GOD.

"Was Gott gefällt mein frommes Kind."

"Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven and all deep places."

WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,
Be comforted! thou need'st not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will;
Rest on this anchor, and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fears depart;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright,
What pleases God.

Oh! could I sing as I desire,
My grateful voice should never tire
To tell the wondrous love and power,
Thus working out from hour to hour
What pleases God.

The King of kings, He rules on earth,
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth,

He bears the ocean in His hand;
And thus we meet on sea or land
What pleases God.

His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves;
The rod itself His love can speak,
He smites, till we return to seek
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their paths forsake,
And for thy blessed portion take
What pleases God.

Art thou despised by all around?
Do tribulations here abound?
Jesus will give the victory,
Because His eye can see in thee
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven;
There shall the crown of joy be given;
There, shalt thou hear and see and know,
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

Paul Gerhardt.

"For they have turned their back unto Me, and not their face, but in the time of their trouble they will say, Arise, and save us."

When ease and quiet are our lot,
Our hearts grow hard and cold;
Our God and all His love forgot,
We wander from His fold;
But when His tempests sweep our sky,
His wrath we dare not brave;
We stoop beneath the blast, and cry,
Arise, our God, and save.

Lord, grant that ever in my breast
Such dread of sin may be,
That I may never dream of rest
Or peace, except in Thee:
That 'neath the calmest, brightest sky,
Thy mercy ever gave,
This heart may dread sin's storm, and cry,
Arise, my God, and save.

J. B. Monsell.

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"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."

And shall we pray for our release,
Or for a lengthened stay;
Shall we desire to be at peace,
Or work another day?

Leave that to Him who ruleth well;
His time is still the best,
In youth or age,—where'er we dwell,
When toiling or at rest.

Only pray we that our last flight,
Be not in winter time,
But 'neath the sun-heat of Thy light,
Melting the cold hoar rime.

That death may call not when our wills
Are cold, our souls fast froze,
But when Thy love our whole heart fills,
And our love answering glows.

Thy warmth is Love, Thy light is Truth,
Thou blessed Sun of Grace;
Show then more clear than in our youth
The brightness of Thy face.

For love can melt the icy load
Of freezing doubt and dread;
And truth can light the darkest road,
We on our flight may tread.

M. G. T.

## A CONFESSION.

The proudest heart that ever beat,
  Hath been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose,
To scorn Thy cause, and aid Thy foes,
  Is quelled, my God, by Thee.

Thy will, and not my will, be done;
  My heart be ever Thine;
Confessing Thee, the mighty Word!
My Saviour, Christ! my God! my Lord!
  Thy cross shall be my sign.

W. Hone.

# Consolation.

"Comfort ye my people."

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

BRYANT.

# Consolation.

ALL are not taken; there are left behind,
Living belovèds,—tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing;
And tender voices to make soft the wind;
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
When "dust to dust the love from life disjoined,"
And if before those sepulchres, unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I Am,
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

---

"Say ye to the Righteous that it shall be well with him."

WHAT cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and in eternal days,
"'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL!"

In every state secure
  Kept as JEHOVAH's Eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
  And well when called to die.

Well when they see His face,
  Or sink amidst the flood,
Well in affliction's stormy maze,
  Or on the Mount with God.

'Tis well when joys arise,
  'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
  And strong temptations grow.

But, above all, 'tis well
  When JESUS speaks the word,
At the last trumpet's sounding swell,
  "Arise, to meet your God."

KENT.

---

"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

O THOU! whose tender feet have trod
  The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
  Or faint beneath the blow.
My spirit to its chastening stroke
  I meekly would resign,

Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, tho' lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.
May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.
So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

J. D. Burns.

---

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

They are not.—Sleep they in the grave,
Where their own palm-trees o'er them wave?
Or was their tomb the stranger's land?
The ocean, or the desert-sand?

They live, bereavèd Rachel: yet
The mother must her own forget:
Branded with God's disclaiming sign,
They are not His, they are not thine.

Tho' with the tokens of their birth
They go, and through the realms of earth,
With kings and nobles cast their lot,
To thee, sad Rachel! they are not.

Look on the mother's meek distress,
O Lord, and heal her childlessness;
Her bondage break, and let her be
Free, and a mother of the free!

HINDS.

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## MINISTERING ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

THEY are evermore around us, tho' unseen to mortal sight,
In the golden hour of sunshine, and in sorrow's starless night,
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures, with the peace of sin forgiven,
Whispering to the lonely mourner, of the painless joys of heaven.

Lovingly they come to help us, when our faith is cold, and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway, to the blessed home we seek:
In our hearts we hear their voices, breathing sympathy and love,
Echoes of the spirit language, in the sinless world above.

They are with us in the conflict, with their words of hope and cheer,
When the foe of our salvation, and his armed hosts draw near;
And a greater One is with us, and we shrink not from the strife,
While the Lord of Angels leads us on the battle field of life.

Seldom do we think upon them, seldom we believe them nigh,
Like the child, who deems in sunshine, that the stars have left the sky;
So by this world's pleasures dazzled, scarce we feel their presence true,
In foolishness and fickleness, are *we* not children too?

Seeing all our guilt and weakness, looking down with pitying eyes,
For the foolish things we cling to, and the Heaven that we despise;

They have been our ministering angels, since this weary world began,
And they still are watching o'er us, for His sake who lovèd man.

B.

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## ANGEL WATCHERS.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

Oh! watch ye well by daylight,
In daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
The Angels then are near.

For heaven the sense bestoweth,
Our waking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth
To guard us in our sleep.

Oh! watch ye well by daylight,
In daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
The Angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure,
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch in sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays.

For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To heaven entrust the morrow,
For the Angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well by daylight—
In daylight may you fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
The Angels then are near.

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## THE SORROW OF THE WORLD.

"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, weary in the morning,
When soft the dew-drops fall,
And weary at the noontide,
When God's sun shines on all;
And weary at the nightfall,
When, each day's labour o'er,
I count my mis-spent moments,
As lost for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
The striving and the care,
And weary of the burden
Which we of earth must bear;

Oh weary of vain longings,
And weary with vain fears,
And wearier with heart sorrows,
Than with the weight of years.

Yes, like a ray of sun-light,
The word shines through the gloom,
And after winter's darkness
Comes spring in fresher bloom;
And after vainly searching,
We find a resting meet,—
For rest, and hope, and glory
Are found at Jesus' feet.

God never sends a sorrow
Without the healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles,
But for the victor's palm.
Yet we by earth's mist blinded,
Knew not His holy will,
Till o'er the troubled waters,
His voice said, "Peace, be still."

We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace,
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place;
And after battle, victory;
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved apostle,
Upon the Master's breast.

## PEACE IN JESUS.

"My peace I give unto you"

Peace in Jesus! blessed promise!
Covenant word of changeless love;
Sealed in blood, and daily witnessed
By Thy grace, Eternal Dove!
Peace in Jesus! oh, what blessing
Calm and pure our spirits know,
When the ties of earth forgotten
All our joys from Jesus flow.

Softly flows Siloa's fountain,
Thro' this wide and howling waste;
Deepest, sweetest peace affording
All its hallowed stream that taste.
From the conflict faint and thirsty,
Deep we drain the cup of love;
Oh that deeper still our spirits
Might its endless blessings prove.

Peace in Jesus, tho' around us
Rage the tempest's angry strife;
Tho' the deep her fountains open,
O'er them floats the ark of life.
Then the weary Dove returning
From that dark and trackless sea,
Folds in peace her drooping pinion,
Sheltered from the storm in Thee.

Tho' on earth we've scorn and trouble,
In ourselves but shame and sin;
All without the reign of darkness,
All a fearful strife within;
He that died and lives for ever,
Saves and guards from every ill;
He that walked upon the waters
Still commandeth—"Peace, be still."

Peace in Jesus, when in ruins
Earth's proud battlements are laid;
Calmly still in Him abiding,
Rest we then the weary head.
When the sun in sackcloth mourneth,
When the winepress runs with blood;
On the sea of glass reposing,
Tune we still the harp of God.

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## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears!
What days of heavy musing, what hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry sky,
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above,
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness, and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
And to leave us bless'd and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord;
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His Word;
And to feel if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly and humble in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature hope and trust,
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee for hope and refuge, to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long-reluctant hearts to flee to heaven at last,
And brighten every prospect of that Eternal Home,
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence poor weary heart away,
But meekly journey onward through the dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning will dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Will end in heavenly blessedness and joys for evermore.

SPITTA.
*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

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"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

YE have not sowed in vain!
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And, piercing the crust of the burning plain,
Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high;
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moist'n'd fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
  Light on the darken'd brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
  Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
  Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of Man," was there,
  And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
  The first sweet signs of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
  On the dry, hard ground that ring.

But the harvest home ye'll keep,
  The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap,
  Rejoice together there!

*From The Three Wakings.*

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"Thou maintained my lot."

Source of my life's refreshing springs,
  Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
  Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
  If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
  They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot, their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting Treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes, prone to sin,
And in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe—as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. Waring.

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"And there was no more sea."

Rest for the weary! what so sweet as rest?
Go, ask the pale mechanic at his loom;
Or him, whose dinted helm and blood-stained plume
Speak of hard fields; or mariners who breast
Ocean's wild waves; and each one will attest
For this sweet boon he makes his ceaseless prayer.
But most of all, ask life's tired voyager,
What lures him to the region of the blest?
'Tis not its loud hosannas, crowns or palm—
Its light ne'er dimmed—its towers by angels trod:
No; next the *unveiled* vision of his God,
He yearns to feel the rapture of its calm—
Which haply in those words may imaged be,
(Instinct with rest)—"And there was no more sea."

*By the Author of The Moral of Flowers.*

"It shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light."—

At evening time let there be light:—
  Life's little day draws near its close,
Around me fall the shades of night,
  The night of death, the grave's repose;
  To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:—
  Stormy and dark has been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
  Dews, birds, and flowers, cheered all the way;
  O for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light:—
  For God hath said—"So let it be";
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
  His glory now is risen on me;
  Mine eyes shall His salvation see:
'Tis evening time, and *there is light.*

MONTGOMERY.

# Contentment.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

# Contentment.

## CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we not hope,
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint,
And muse upon eternity's restraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart—be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing behind the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine Inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God!"

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

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## ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

My Lord hath taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head;
While He is mine, I'll be content
To beg, or lack my daily bread.

Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor,
  Thy love can keep me dry and warm;
Christ and Thy bounty are my store,
  Thy angels guard me from all harm.

Must I forsake the soil and air
  Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair,
  Thence I may come to Thee by death.

All countries are my Father's lands—
  Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
  And with acceptance on Thee call.

What if in prison I must dwell—
  May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,
  Call me Thy child, and I am free.

No walls or bars can keep Thee out;
  None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about,
  None can its liberty control!

BAXTER.

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## MURMURS.

WHY wilt thou make bright music
  Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
  Into a weary chain?

Why turn each cool grey shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why say the winds are wailing?
Why call the dew drops tears?

The voices of happy nature,
And the heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove the sick heart's fancies,—
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

Listen, and I will tell thee,
The song creation sings,
From the humming of bees in the heather,
To the flutter of angels' wings.

An echo rings for ever,
The sound can never cease;
It speaks to God of glory,
It speaks to earth of peace.

Not alone did angels sing it
To the poor shepherds' ear,
But the spherèd heavens chant it,
While listening ages hear.

Above thy peevish wailing
Rises that holy song;
Above earth's foolish clamour,
Above the voice of wrong.

No creature of God's too lowly,
To murmur peace and praise:
When the starry nights grow silent,
Then speak the sunny days.

So leave thy sick heart's fancies,
And lend thy little voice,
To the silver song of glory
That bids the world rejoice.

*From Legends and Lyrics, by* A. A. Procter.

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"Lead thou me on."

Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom, and lead
me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead
Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not wish to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not always thus, nor prayed that Thou should'st
lead me on;
I loved to choose, and see my path; but, now, lead
Thou me on.
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will,—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
Thou'lt lead me on,
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost the while.

## MURMURS.

Some murmur when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Trench.

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"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

We live not in our moments, or our years,
The present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind that in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—

Vain tears, for that which never may arrive:
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

TRENCH.

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## ASPECTS.

LIFE is but a weary chafing
In the dusk, 'tween prison-bars;—
Life is wending, climbing,—soaring
From the mountains to the stars!

Work is but a lonely toiling
Thwarted oft, and oft in vain;—
Work is from the MASTER-BUILDER
Granted, guided, sure of gain!

Joy is but a flickering gleaming,
Fading slow to ashen gray;—
Joy is quenchless sun-light, beaming
*Somewhere* for us, night and day!

Brother, choose: Life, Joy and Labour,
All thy needs, and all desires,
Seen as in the light of Tabor,
*Or* the sparks of earthly fires?

M. G. T.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit"

Two things have shone with golden light
Upon the way where we are sent,—
A rich man poor in his own sight,
And a poor man rich in his content.

But a nobler thing than even these,
And shining with a light more pure,
Is a poor man kneeling on his knees,
And thanking God that he is poor.

W. W. How.

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## LAY OF PEACE IN SICKNESS.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Pleasantly passeth the summer away,
Gladly the sun lights my chamber each day,
Softly my head on the pillow is prest;
Few are my pains, and my spirit hath rest.

Soon as the twilight of evening is seen,
Hush'd on the bosom of Jesus I lean;
Wait I there, calmly, asleep or awake,
Compass'd with love till the grey morning break.

Call me not *patient*—the word doth not sound
Fit for a sinner with mercies around,
*Patient!* and who then am I to repine
While the best gifts are eternally mine?

Say, is it strange I should sing on a bed,
Which by the hand of Jehovah is spread?
Rather I bless it, for here, when I die,
Sleep shall be sweet till I waken on high.

Careth the child in the school-house to roam,
After her ear catcheth tidings of home?
Waiteth the exile to grasp in his hand
Weeds by the way to his own father-land?

So this bright world is unheeded by me,
While from my chamber a fairer I see;
So its glad light, as it falls on my way,
Blesses, but never can lengthen my stay.

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## LAY OF PEACE.

We lead a gentle life below:
Our days that seem to pass,
Glide on and blend—before Thy throne,
Thus spreads the sea of glass.

One image fills that crystal sea;
One light o'er all doth shine:
Yet every separate drop hath power
That radiance to enshrine.

Not less in unity and light,
True brethren we abide;
"Like drops of Hermon's dew," that still
Into each other slide.

Eternal glory, thanks and praise
To Thee, O God, to Thee,
Who buildest all the peace of men,
Upon that prime decree:

That he who loves the Lord his God,
Should hold all creatures dear;
And whoso fears his God, henceforth
Should feel no baser fear.

Glory to God for ever,
From angels and from men,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For evermore, Amen.

DE VERE.

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## SONG FOR THE WILDERNESS.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forgot the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears,
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimm'd eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day,
In patient hope, I watch and wait and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh, what a sunrise will that Advent be!

Thus, while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

# Morning and Evening Hymns.

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"Let my prayer be set forth as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the morning and evening sacrifice."

# Morning and Evening Hymns.

## EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

"Early in the morning will I lift up my hands unto Thee."

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give Thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sin glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Wake with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whispering among them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know, I Am.—Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day;
Despatch necessities, life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

H. Vaughan.

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## HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."

Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on me now, to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there:
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

Shine on Thy pure eternal Word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remember'd, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In spotless robes Thy priests be clad;
They show the brightness of Thy face;
And make Thy chosen people glad.

Shine on those unseen things display'd
To faith's far penetrating eye;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

Shine on the hearts of those most dear,
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and Thee:
Their glorious heavenward prospect clear;
"Light in Thy light," oh, let them see!

Shine on those friends for whom we mourn,
Who know not yet Thy healing ray;
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn
To Thee, "the life, the truth, the way."

Shine on those tribes no country owns,
On Judah once Thy dwelling-place;
"Thy servants think upon her stones,"
And long to see her day of grace.

Shine on the missionary's home,
Give him his heart's desire to see:
Collect Thy scattered ones who roam;
*One* fold, *one* Shepherd, let there be!

Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye!
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the day-spring from on high!

Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun—
That glorious day which knows no night.

*From Hymns for a Week.*

## EVENING SONG.

### FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

Millions within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bow'd,
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vow'd.

But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipp'd Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun survey'd
From north to south adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to Thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to Thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain:
To those in trouble Thou wert night;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

But one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!

MONTGOMERY.

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## SUNDAY EVENING.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close!
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows—
Smile on my evening hour!

Oh, heavenly Comforter, sweet guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest—
Smile on my evening hour!

If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat—
Smile on my evening hour!

Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain—
Smile on my evening hour!

Oh, ever present, ever nigh;
Jesus, on Thee I fix my eye;
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh—
Smile on my evening hour!

My only intercessor, Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now,
With every prayer and every vow—
Smile on my evening hour!

And oh, when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend—
Smile on my evening hour!

*From Hymns for a Week.*

## HYMN FOR MONDAY MORNING.

"Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

Now let our heavenly plants and flowers
Diffuse a fragrance more divine;
Refreshed by the sweet Sabbath showers,
With richer beauty they should shine.

We have been wafted for a while,
Far, far away from this low scene;
Been cheer'd by our Redeemer's smile,
Been suffered on His breast to lean.

What has He taught us? what should be
The fruit of intercourse so blest?
O should not all around us see
His image on our souls imprest.

Within His ivory palace fair
We entered, a much-favoured train:
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, filled the air,
Our garments should the scent retain.

And we should pass along the earth,
Like birds that live upon the wing;
Rise to the country of our birth,
And on our way its anthems sing.

*From Hymns for a Week.*

## EVENING HYMN.

Now all the woods are lulled to rest,
And man and beast on earth's wide breast,
The city, and the field;
Yet rouse ye, powers of soul and sense,
To praise your God, your strong Defence,
Your Maker, and your Shield.

Where art thou now, thou cheering sun?
Thou far hast fled, in haste to shun
Grim night, the daylight's foe;
But in my heart another Light,
My Jesus, Sun of all delight,
Shines clear,—and thou may'st go.

Now that the day is far aloof,
The stars come out and seek the roof
Of heaven's azure dome;
Thus shall I stand, thus shall I shine,
When from this earth, on which we pine,
My God shall call me home.

The body, longing for its rest,
Strips off each garb from limb and breast,
Types of its mortal fate;
When it is laid aside, my Lord
Will clothe me, as a rich reward,
In robes of royal state.

The head, and feet, and hands are glad,
That labour now an end hath had,
All toiling and all din;

O heart, rejoice, for thou shalt be
One day from earthly misery free,—
Free from the strife with sin.

Now lay thee down, thou weary frame,
Go, lay thee down, I may not blame
Thy need of pillowed rest;
The time will come, the day will break,
When they for thee a bed will make
On earth's unyielding breast.

I cannot hold my eyes awake,
And where, while closed their rest they take,
Are powers of soul and limb?
Thou, Israel's Watcher, dost not sleep,
And from all harms Thine eye will keep
Both through the midnight dim.

Jesus, spread out Thy sheltering wings,
To Thee, O Strength, my weakness clings,
Gather Thy nestling in:
Should Satan seek me for his prey,
Then let Thine angels singing say,
"This child thou shalt not win."

On you, my dear ones, may no blight
Of evil fall throughout this night,
Nor dangers, nor alarms;
May God, beloved, give you sleep,
While round your bed His watchers keep
Their guard with golden arms.

Paul Gerhard.
*Translated by M. G. T.*

## EVENING HYMN.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

Now one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
If I have walk'd by faith in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here,

I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
I've one day less to see within,
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

And oh! reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal;
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blessed thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place,
Where He will never hide His face.

If thou hast oft been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day,
Still strive the more that rest to attain
Where thou wilt never sin again.

If thou hast mourned for friends endear'd,
Whose converse once thy journey cheer'd,
Think that in heaven no cause will sever
The bond that re-unites for ever,

Let every gift by God bestowed,
Each kind refreshment on my road;
Let every sorrow, hope, and fear,
Incite my soul to persevere.

Since I alone on Thee depend,
Oh, guide me to my journey's end;
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave,
To realms of joy beyond the grave.

*From Hymns for a Week.*

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## NEARER HEAVEN.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me, o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's home,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great White Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where I lay my burthen down;
Nearer to leave my cross,
Nearer to wear my crown.

Nearer the time when I shall join
The white robed angels' song;
And meet the dear ones gone before,
Amid that countless throng.

Nearer the palaces of light,
And to the streets of gold;
Nearer the temple of my God,
And to delights untold.

Nearer to holiness—to bliss,
Nearer my Saviour's breast,
Nearer the land where all is love,
The children's promised rest.

Bright, bright to me, the sunset sky,
Gilding the soul within,
With sweet thoughts of a fairer world,
To which I'm hastening.

CAREY.

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## EVENING TWILIGHT.

HAIL tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone disturbing care!
And look my soul from earth away
To Him who heareth prayer.

How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before His Throne of Grace;
While to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows His smiling face.

How sweet through long remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And press'd with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust His love for all.

How sweet to look in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children up
To His far home on high.

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west,
So let my soul in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

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## FOR A WAKEFUL NIGHT.

Now darkness over all is spread,
No sounds the stillness break,
Ah, when shall these sad hours be fled,
Am I alone awake?

Ah no, I do not wake alone,
Alone I do not sleep;
Around me ever watchful One,
Who wakes with those who weep.

On earth it is so dark and drear,
With Him so calm and bright;
The stars in solemn radiance clear,
Shine there through all our night.

'Tis when the lights of earth are gone,
The heavenly glories shine;
When other comfort I have none,
Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

Be still, my throbbing heart, be still,
  Cast off thy weary load,
And make His holy will thy will,
  And rest upon thy God.

How many a time the night hath come,
  Yet still returned the day;
How many a time thy cross, thy gloom,
  Ere now hath passed away.

And these dark hours of anxious pain
  That now oppress thee sore,
I know will vanish soon again,
  Then I shall fear no more.

For when the night hath lasted long,
  We know the morn is near;
And when the trial's sharp and strong,
  Our Help shall soon appear.

Pastor Josephsen.
*From Lyra Germanica*

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"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"He giveth His beloved sleep;"
  The haughty sow the wind;
The storm they sow, the tempest reap,
  But rest they cannot find.

In sleep itself, their furrowed brows
  That care-worn mark retain;
Avenger of the guilt it shows
  The curse and brand of Cain!

Rest is of God—He doth not sleep;
But while His children rest,
His hand outstretched, and still, doth keep,
O'er earth their shadowed nest.

His holy angels chant around,
To chase dark dreams away;
That slumbers innocent and sound
May leave serene the day.

Glory to God for ever,
From angels and from men,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For evermore. Amen.

DE VERE.

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## THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

SUNLIGHT has vanished, and the weary earth
Lies resting from a long day's toil and pain,
And looking for a new dawn's early birth,
Seeks strength in slumber for its toil again.

We too would rest, but ere we close the eye
Upon the consciousness of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon star-bright sky,
And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

Above us is Thy hand—with tender care
Distilling over us the dew of sleep;
Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,
In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace,
Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest,
With more than all a parent's tenderness,
Foldest us, sleeping to Thy gentle breast.

Grief flies away, care quits our easy couch,
Till wakened by Thy hand, when breaks the day;
Like the lone prophet by the angel's touch
We rise to tread again our pilgrim-way.

God of our life! God of each day and night!
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run;
Until there dawns the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star, no sun.

H. Bonar.

*From Hymns of Faith and Hope.*

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## HYMN FOR MIDNIGHT.

The stars shine bright while earth is dark,
While all the woods are dumb;
How clear those far-off silver chimes,
From tower and turret come!

Chilly but sweet the midnight air;
And lo! with every sound,
Down from the ivy-leaf a drop
Comes glittering to the ground.

'Twas night when Christ was born on earth;
Night heard his first, faint cry,
Which angels carolled round the star
Of the Epiphany.

Alas! and is our love too weak
To meet Him on His way?
To pray for nations in their sleep?
For love then let us pray.

Pray for the millions slumbering now;
The sick who cannot sleep;
O may those sweet sounds waft them thoughts
As peaceful, and as deep.

Pray for th' unholy, and the vain;
O may that pure-toned bell
Disperse the demon powers of air,
And evil dreams dispel!

Pray for the aged, and the poor;
The crown-encompassed head;
The friends of youth now far away;
All on a dying bed.

And ever let us wing our prayer
With praise; and ever say
Glory to God who makes the night
Benignant as the day!

Glory to God for ever,
The Father and the Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, by whom
All things are knit in one.

De Vere.

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## A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee;
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,
  Or aught on earth beside—how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
  My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
  More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
  Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
  Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek
  O God, but Thee?

# Time.

"Redeeming the Time."

How oft we fret for Time's delays,
And urge him on with sighs,
But to lament in after days
How rapidly he flies!
Too late we sorrow to receive
What once we thought a boon:
Life hurries past us, but we grieve
To reach the grave too soon.

J. D. Burns.

# Time.

"Redeeming the Time."

LOSE one day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days;
What thou canst do, or think'st thou canst, begin it—
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Secure the moment, and the mind grows heated,
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

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## NOW!—TO-DAY!

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In face of the stern to-day.

Arise! from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding the giant yield;

Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour, (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you,
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
And from the dreams of a *coming* battle,
You will waken and find it *past.*

A. A. Proctor.

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## INCENTIVE TO EARLY RISING.

Soft slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed;
May my freed spirit too awake,
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, sloth, no more
My mind imprisoned keep;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon, sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain;
Their pearl of countless price is sold,
And where's the promised gain?

Lord, when Thy day of dread account,
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I dying shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all Thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

## HORA NOVISSIMA.

Far down the Ages now,
  Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
  In haste to reach the crown.

The story of the past
  Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
  Old, and yet ever new.

'Tis the same story still,
  Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love still flowing down,
  To pardon and to bless.

'Tis the old story still,
  The briar and the thorn;
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—
  The hope of coming morn.

No wider is the gate,
  No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
  That leads to light and day.

No lighter is the load
  Beneath whose weight we cry,
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,
  Nor less our enemy.

No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.

No greener are the rocks,
No fresher flow the rills,
No roses in the wilds appear,
No vines upon the hills.

Still dark the sky above,
And sharp the desert air;
'Tis wide, bleak desolation round,
And shadow everywhere.

Dawn lingers on yon cliff;
But, oh, how slow to spring!
Morning still nestles on yon wave,
Afraid to try its wing.

No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

Nor less we feel the blank
Of earth's still absent King;
Whose presence is of all our bliss
The everlasting spring.

Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood.

Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

HORATIUS BONAR.

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"Behold, I come quickly."

"A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before,—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

"A little while,"—He'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss;
Oh, how will recompense His smile,
The sufferings of this "little while."

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee!

J. Deck.

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## GOD CALLING YET.

"Gott rufet noch."

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men."

God calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising,
So long His loving faithful voice despising,
So falsely His unwearied care repaying,—
He calls me still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet!—loud at my door is knocking,
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking.
He still is ready, willing to receive me,
Is waiting now, but, ah! He soon may leave me.

God calling yet! and I no answer giving;
I dread His yoke, and am in bondage living;
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still; oh, my poor heart, awaken!

Ah, yield Him all,—all to His care confiding;
Where but with Him are rest and peace abiding?
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder!

God calling yet! I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry.
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken,
Sweeter than all, the voice of God has spoken!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.
*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

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## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

ON—onward borne by mighty wings,
Time speeds his ceaseless way;
And sees the frame of human things
All hastening to decay;
And on his rapid pinions bears
The sorrows of six thousand years.

He saw the world's fair garden spoiled,
Mid nature's early bloom;
And hastened by while woman wept
O'er the first martyr's tomb;
Witnessed the blood of Abel shed,
And heard the wailing for the dead.

He saw the mighty storm that came
From heaven, and rushing o'er
The rocks and mountains, left the world
One sea without a shore;
He heard the groans, the cries, the strife,
Of nature's throes with parting life.

He saw the covenant vow, the pledge
Of mercy yet to be,
And as its yellow "lustre smiled"
O'er earth and sky and sea,
He dipt his pinions in the hues
Of hope, which still their light diffuse.

He sojourned with the men of old,
Who breathed the mountain air;
And made earth's caves and wilderness,
Their daily house of prayer;
Then laid the patriarchs 'neath the sod,
And sent their spirits home to God.

He heard the mighty bards of old,
Strike their enraptured lyre;
And down his own wide stream he sent
The prophet's voice of fire;
To tell the nations yet to be
Redemption's holy mystery.

Onward he past—and swept his wing
O'er Bethlehem's starry plains,
And listened while he caught the sound
Of more than earthly strains;
And almost paused awhile to hear
That heavenly music, deep and clear.

He saw the advent of that day,
Which came the world to bless;
While, cradled in a manger, lay
The Sun of Righteousness;
And knew that ere his course was o'er,
That light should shine on every shore.

He gazed upon the sacred hill,
Where hung a God-like form
And saw his human nature quail
Before that awful storm;
Yet knew that he once more should see
That bright incarnate deity.

Yes, on that morn which rends the sky,
When the last sun shall rise,
In splendour on the tombs of earth,
To call us to the skies;
Time's weary wing shall folded be,
And drop into eternity.

# Rites and Ordinances.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."

# Rites and Ordinances.

## PRAYER FOR BAPTISM.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God"

JESUS, Lord, Thy servants see,
Offering here obedience willing;
Lo! this infant comes to Thee,
Thus Thy mandate blest fulfilling:
'Tis for such Thyself declarest,
That the kingdom Thou preparest.

Loudly sounds Thy warning plain,
Us with holy fear imbuing,
"In truth he must be born again,
Heart and mind and life renewing;
Born of water and the Spirit,
Who My kingdom will inherit."

Take the pledge we offer now,
To the font baptismal hastening;
Make him, Lord, Thy child below,
Let him feel Thy tender chastening:
That he here may love and fear Thee,
And in heaven dwell ever near Thee.

Prince of Peace, Thy peace bestow,
Shepherd, to Thy sheep-fold take him;
Way of Life, his pathway shew,
Head, thy living member make him:
Vine, abundant fruit providing,
Keep this branch in Thee abiding.

Lord of Grace! to Thee we cry,
Filled our hearts to overflowing;
Heavenward take the burdened sigh,
Blessings on the babe bestowing:
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

*From the German of* Schmolk—*Translated by* Miss Cox.

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## PRAYER FOR BAPTISM.

"Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Heavenly Father! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

Son of God! be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer,
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine Almighty power display,
Seal him to Redemption's Day.

Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit! gracious One,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be.

B. Guest.

## BAPTISM.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His Banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal Thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown.

ALFORD.

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## CONFIRMATION HYMN.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love Divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongues could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee this day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again?
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more—
To come, (not now alone and then,)
When life, and death, and time are o'er:
Then, then, to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

HINDS.

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"This do in remembrance of Me."

O! THOU who didst this rite reveal,
Of our blest faith the sign and seal,
Around Thy table, Lord, we kneel,
Met to remember Thee.

Thou faintly loved and feebly sought,
Too oft forsaken and forgot;
With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought,
Lord, we remember Thee.

Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt,
Guiltless, our load of guilt has felt;
Shall not our hearts within us melt,
Saviour, remembering Thee?

'Twas love, untold, unfathomed love,
Which brought Thee from Thy throne above;
And shall not love our bosoms move,
While we remember Thee?

Through Thee the feeblest shall prevail,
Thou wilt not leave, Thou canst not fail;
Thy dying words, O Lord, we hail,
And thus remember Thee.

MONTGOMERY.

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## HYMN FOR ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast, give to the poor,
And come and follow Me!"

Within this temple Christ again unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
Dost "Thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair,
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane,
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

H. W. Longfellow.

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## HYMN FOR A MARRIAGE.

Raise high the note of exultation
To God's bright throne with voices clear;
The mighty Lord of all creation
Lends to our song a father's ear.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

O'er each event of life presiding,
May God rich gifts on both bestow;
With heavenly light your footsteps guiding,
As through the world's dark wild ye go.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

By God's own Word each action measure,
Let Christ your great exemplar be;
Still fix your hearts on heavenly treasure,
We hasten towards eternity.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

Together bend, God's grace imploring,
Or no true joy your love will know;
Your voices blend, His name adoring,
Till love to God each heart o'erflow.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

With cheerful faith in God confide ye,
The pilgrim's staff with courage take;
And, till the silent grave divide ye,
God and each other ne'er forsake.
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

May peace and love, your lives adorning,
Attend you all your course along;
Your Christian walk, each night and morning,
Oh! strengthen still with prayer and song.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

Together now your voices raising,
Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand,
Till, on His glories ever gazing,
Ye meet in heaven's own happy land.
Eternal Lord of Heaven above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

*From the German—Translated by* Miss Cox.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

"The Lord will strengthen thee in the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

O how soft that bed must be
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee!
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the suff'rer meet!

It was the good Physician now,
Soothed my cheek, and chafed my brow:
Whisp'ring,—as He raised my head,
"It is I—be not afraid."

God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place!
Hear in mercy, and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe, and live.

Bless me, and I shall be blest;
Sooth me, and I shall have rest:
Fix my heart, my hopes above,
Love me, Lord, for Thou art Love!

MONSELL.

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## THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

ACTS xii.

THE Apostle slept,—a light shone in the prison,
An angel touched his side;
"Arise, he said," and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distress,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight;
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,
It is now far from them;
For it has reached the City of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long-waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's Home!"

J. D. Burns.

# Praise.

# Praise.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely."

TO God and to His Son be praise!
Lord God, we thank Thee here,
In heaven Thy holy ones can raise
A song more loud and clear.

He who upholds both earth and sky,
In darkness is He veiled,
In a poor manger doth He lie,
While Lord of glory hailed!

Though the earth knoweth not her God,
The heavens know Him well,
And guide along a star-lit-road
The wise men to His cell.

Come, and fall down, and Him adore,
The Prince of Peace, the Word;
And let the world hymn more and more
The praises of her Lord.

Come, sinners, come and kiss the Son,
Ere yet His anger burn,
Lest He from you on His dread throne,
In wrath for ever turn.

*(From the German.)*

"The earth is the Lord's."

Lord of the lords of all the earth!
Lord of the souls of men!
From Thee all heavenly gifts have birth;
To Thee return again!

The lightnings flashed from off Thy throne,
Fill heaven and earth with light;
And by that living flame alone
Men read the world aright.

On every crown and sceptre shed,
Thy beams of glory shine
And burn round every father's head
That rules by right Divine.

Thy priestly ones anointed stand,
And offers incense each,
And all the Wise, a Prophet-band,
What Thou hast taught them, teach.

And those who heal the sick, and those
Who plead for the distressed,
Or guard the land from Godless foes,
By Thee are sent, and blessed.

Thy voice, O Father, rolls around
The world for evermore;
The speech we know not, but the sound
In silence we adore.

The heavens themselves repose thereon;
Thereon the earth is stayed;
And seasons change, and rivers run,
By Thee ordained and swayed.

The fearful of their cunning boast,
The haughty of their sword;
But we, and all the Heavenly Host,
Will glory in the Lord.

Glory to God the Father,
Glory to God the Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost,
Th' eternal Three in One.

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## GLORIOSI SALVATORIS.

(German Mediæval Hymn, translated by the Reverend C. Neale.)

To the name that brings salvation,
Honour, worship, laud, we pay;
That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay;
But to every tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
To the ear delectable;
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory,
'Tis the Name of meditation,
In the vale of misery;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches,
Finds it music in his ear;
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches,
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer;
Who its perfect wisdom reaches,
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesus, we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring,
So to write it in our heart;
That hereafter upwards soaring,
We with angels may have part.

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## OMNIS FIDELIS GAUDEAT.

Let every faithful heart rejoice,
And render thanks to God on high;
And with each power of soul and voice,
Extol His praises worthily.

Into this dark world Jesus came,
And all men might His form behold;
While to the limits of the same
He passed, that we might be consoled.

To all He shewed that gentle Face;
On good and bad alike it shone:
Its perfect loveliness and grace,
The Lord of all concealed from none.

O love of Christ beyond all love!
O clemency beyond all thought!
O grace all praise of saints above,
Whereby such gifts to men are brought!

O blessed Lord, whose praise we sing!
Here in the way we worship Thee:
That in the Country of our King,
Filled with Thy glory we may be!

To God on high be glory meet!
Equal to Thee, Eternal Son!
Equal to Thee, blest Paraclete,
While never-ending ages run.

*From Neale's Mediæval Hymns.*

## PRAISE OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"Thus saith the LORD, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the LORD which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the LORD."

In Thee I live, and move, and am,
Thou deal'st me out my days;
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.

Naked came I into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved,
Yet have I lacked nought.

I do not bless my labouring hand,
My labouring hand or chance;
Thy Providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,
A table free from strife;
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am Jehovah's charge.

Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a pit;
I sail by many dreadful rocks,
Where others have been split.

Whilst others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free,
From sickness and from pain.

'Tis not, my God, myself alone,
But mine to Thee I owe;
Thou mad'st me many out of one,
O let Thy praises grow!

O let my house a temple be!
That I and mine may sing
Hosannahs to Thy Majesty,
And praise our Saviour King.

'Tis Thou hast crowned my actions, Lord,
With good success each day;
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

Old Hymn.

Translated from the Latin.

## ALLELUIA.

Alleluia! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love,
Alleluia!
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church victorious!
Join th' angelic harmony!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high:
We poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn!
Alleluia! sounds of sadness,
'Midst our joyous strains are borne;
Our offences
We a while with tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see:
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be,
Alleluia.

# Miscellaneous.



# Miscellaneous.

## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

"God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water."

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

GIVE smiles to them whose hearts are glad, and
weep with them that weep;
But all thy soul's deep agonies for Christ's sweet
comfort keep.
Not all thy wrongs and grief unveil for others' eyes to
scan,
The scars the wounded bosom hides were never healed
by man.

To help us at our sorest need, no kindred soul draws
nigh;
We fold our hands, and still our sobs, nor ask for
sympathy;
There are no words for speechless woe,—no words
the Saviour needs,
The tearful glance implores His aid, thy very silence
pleads.

"Blessed are ye that mourn," and see His tender
hands outspread;
Blessed are ye that hear His voice, "ye shall be com-
forted:"
Then seek Him, O thou bruised heart, each tear thy
Lord doth know,
For He that smote the hidden source, forbids them
not to flow.

When did He coldly pass on earth, one eye with sorrow dim?
"Come unto Me," He softly breathes;—then take thy grief to Him.
The crown of thorn encircled then, unseen, His sacred brow:
Oh! hath He ceased to love, who wears the crown of glory now.

Reveal the sins that wound thee sore to Him that loves thee best;
He waits to cheer thy soul, and soothe thy terror on His breast;
He pitieth with a mother's love, a father's tenderest care;
O, bruised heart! arise, and see thy Friend, thy Saviour near.

O weep not on the desert sand, by wells so early dry,
But looking up to God, behold His angel hov'ring nigh;
Yea, leave thy best love in the shade of one who loves to bless,
Pour out thy bitterest memories, tell o'er thy loneliness.

Fear not! but He will point thine heart to secret springs of joy,
Whose light the world may hide from thee, but never more destroy;
It is the Saviour calls to thee, in every stroke of woe,
Arise! go seat thee at His feet, His holy will to know.

He will not suffer them to want, who strive His ear
to gain ;
And fainting souls that thirst for Him, ne'er sought
that source in vain ;
Familiar thou with grief's low plaint,—seek other
hearts to bless,
Leaning on thy Beloved, go—on through the wilder-
ness.

But by the way-side, ponder oft, grief calleth not aloud,
The whispered wail of broken hearts is stilled amid the
crowd ;
Watch patiently the prostrate soul, that God nor
heaven doth know,
Be thine the hand to lead him where the living
fountains flow.

Though careless eyes will only read tear-channels on
thy face,
The light the Saviour's smile hath shed, some sinking
soul may trace ;
And he shall listen to the words that Jesus taught to
thee—
"Weary and heavy-laden"—hark! He whispers,
"Come to Me."

Anna Shipton.

*From "Whispers in the Palms."*

## THE DAY LABOURER.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall,
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all;
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer,
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth,
When the sunbeams pass away.
Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days will break,
And the seed, in darkness nourish'd,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride,
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters,
Will the scatter'd grain be found.
Work, while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vine-yard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.

Work! in the wild waste places,
Though none Thy love may own;
God guides the down of the thistle
The wand'ring wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide Thy weakness,
Or call thy labour vain?
The Word that for Him Thou bearest,
Shall return to Him again.
On!—with thine heart in heaven,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
In the damp, dark caverns low,
Where sunlight seldom reacheth,
Nor healthful streamlets flow;
Where the withering air of poison
Is the young bird's earliest breath,
And the wild, unwholesome blossom,
Bears in its beauty —"death."

The ground impure, o'ertrodden
By life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
May yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another hand may reap,
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripen'd grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

ANNA SHIPTON.

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## THE SOUL COMMITTING ITSELF TO GOD.

"Shew me Thy ways, O Lord: teach me Thy paths."
"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

FATHER! for pleasant paths on earth,
My spirit yearneth not!
For loving kindred's clasping hands,
And home, I ask Thee not.

I would forego all anxious thought,
And cast on Thee my care;
Content to see Thy love in all—
To trace Thee everywhere.

Teach me to listen for Thy voice,
When the world's storm howleth loud;
Help me to look for light from Thee,
Beneath the darkest cloud:
To feel Thy hand the tempest rules—
That Thou canst hear and save—
That Thou hast set a bound unto
The wildest, stormiest wave.

The tempest yet was ne'er so loud
To drown the soul's faint cry;
Nor cloud so dark to hide Thy child
From Thine all-seeing Eye.
Lighten mine eyes, that I may read
Each page of life to me;
And from each passing hour receive
A message, Lord, from Thee.

Lead me to seek, with patient prayer,
Thy counsel for my stay,
And look to Thee to guide my steps
In Thine appointed way.
With glad and grateful heart accept
The work Thy wisdom wills;
And bless the hand that but in love
The cup of sorrow fills.

Seeking what path Thou'dst have me take,
What heart to cheer or bless,
Even as I would ask of Thee
For comfort in distress;
Content to share in others' joys,
And if this may not be,
Still happy that my chequered lot
Was chosen, Lord, by Thee.

ANNA SHIPTON.

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## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

'Their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in heaven."

O SAVIOUR! hear a little child,
Who knows not how to pray:
On earth Thy face so meek and mild
Was never turned away.

The children gathered to Thy breast
Have found a blessed home;
Where safe from every sin they rest;
Then suffer me to come.

I ask Thee for a heart, to try
To please Thee day by day;
Thy love, to lead me back, when I
From Thy commandments stray.

Do Thou, O Lord, my sins forgive,
The sins that wound Thee sore;
And teach me every day I live,
To love Thee more and more.

ANNA SHIPTON.

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## THE LAMBS OF CHRIST.

THEY were gathered early, earth's young and fair,
Time cannot touch them, nor woe nor care;
Safe in the harbour of endless rest
The babes are cradled on Jesus' breast.

There are eyes of sapphire and locks of gold,
And roseate lines in that little fold;
Music untaught like the wild bird's song,
In gushes bursts forth from that cherub throng.

From silken couches and beds of down,
By the dusky ways of the crowded town;
By hills and village and moorland bleak,
Have the angels travelled those buds to seek.

And some who were born to an earthly crown,
When the angels whispered they laid it down;
'Twas a weary weight for those tiny heads,
So they died uncrowned in their little beds.

There are those who were born in grief and shame,
Without mother's love or father's name;
O'er their lamp of life the chill night-wind swept,
They were laid in the earth, unmourned, unwept.

There are those for whom grey heads toiled and planned,
And they hoarded gold and they purchased land;
The innocent heirs of a sordid care,
They were snatched from the teeth of the gilded snare.

There are some who were taken, we know not why,
By the love that walketh in mystery;
The mercy that moves behind sunless clouds,
For earth's saints wept o'er their early shrouds.

There are those o'er whom solemn tears were shed,
By parents who struggled for daily bread;
Who mourned o'er the soul they brought to strife,
But the angels gave it the bread of life.

They are one in heaven, the loved, the dear,
The foundling that perished without a tear;—
Of earth's lands and titles, the infant heir,
And the blighted offspring of woe and care.

The Lambs of Christ; by the founts and rills,
O'er the heights of the everlasting hills,
They follow with joy the Bridegroom's train,
If ye love, can ye wish them back again?

## THE PROMISED LAND.

Fair is our Zion's Promised Land,
And gloriously her mansions shine;
Art thou of Israel's wandering band?
Then all that land of light is thine.

On yonder steep hangs high thy crown,
  There—where the new song now is sung!
And He who cast the angels down,
  Holdeth for thee a harp new strung.

Then place thy foot upon the Rock,
  Thine hand upon the Promise stay;
Fear thou no more the tempest's shock,
  For none shall rend thy foot away.

Oh, mount upon Faith's radiant wings!
  Go up, the Promised Land to view:
Leave thou on earth thy tear-stained strings,
  And join the song for ever new.

No more thine hands so idly fold,
  For ransom'd souls the way have trod;
Soar up where Jesus led! behold!
  The glorious city of our God!

Why dost thou closer clasp thy chains,
  And earth's dark chambers still explore,
When stretched beyond lie Eschol's plains,
  And Faith can waft Thee to the shore.

Prophets and kings desired to look
  Upon the glories thou may'st share,
And earth's poor fleeting joys forsook,
  To watch for Him who reigneth there.

Men love the home that bears their name,
  Join field to field, and mark them well;
And many a thought those chambers claim,
  Where they, and all they love shall dwell.

Of distant shore when strangers speak,
Of balmy airs and spicy bowers;
That cloudless land they long to seek,
Yet—is that clime so fair as ours?

Home! in a land that is our own,
So fair, so fadeless, yet so nigh,
Where tears and night are never known,
Wins not from him one wand'ring sigh.

O homeless one, and weary! Turn!
Let Zion's hope thy thoughts engage,
And watching hearts with ardour burn,
That Jesus bought our heritage.

ANNA SHIPTON.

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## THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith!
From inmost founts of life ye start;
The spirit's pulse the vital breath
Of soul and heart.

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook, no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains;
The simple heart that freely asks,
In love obtains.

For man the living temple is;
The mercy-seat, and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
And wearies heaven for nought above
Our common needs.

Alone, the Thebaid Hermit leaned
At noon-tide o'er the sacred Word:
Was it an angel, or a fiend,
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,—
A human utterance, sweet and mild;
And looking up, the hermit saw,
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool green palms, nor grass, nor well,
No corn, nor vines?—The hermit said,
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile—His love; my sheltering palm,
His Providence."

The child gazed round him; "Does God live
Here *only?* Where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
*We* pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field; beneath the leaves
My sisters sit, and spin the while
My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-fields hang in pod,
My mother smiles and says, that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says, God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
"Dear Lord!" he said: "Thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home, and life with men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook,
Returned again.

The palmy shadows, cool and long,
The eyes that smile through waving locks;
Home's cradle—hymn, and harvest-song,
And bleat of flocks.

"Oh child," he said, "that teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will find, where'er it be,
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
And leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went with the young child, hand in hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's dreary line,
And heard the palm trees' nestling fan,
The Nile-birds cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning his childish guide,
He followed, as the small hand led
To where a woman gentle-eyed
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her eyes;
The hermit gazed in doubt, and joy,
And dumb surprise.

And lo! with sudden warmth and light,
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite,
A man became!

"Oh, sister of Elzara's race,
Behold me! had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face,—
"Thou art my brother!"

Taught by the child whom God hath sent,
That love is more than fast or prayer,
I come, toil, care, and pain, content
With thee to share.

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn miracle of life,
As one who, wandering in the starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.
And as he walked he prayed—even the same
Old prayer, with which for half-a-score of years,
Morning and noon and evening, lips and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity on me, Lord!
Thou seest while teaching others, I am blind:
Send me a man that can direct my steps!"

Then as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound of an old man's staff among
The dry dead linden leaves, and looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor, and old,
"Peace unto thee, my father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again:
"God give to thee a happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse grey sleeve,
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean?
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is,
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the loving Saviour,
His knowledge, goodness, and Almighty power."

Silently wondering for a little space
Stood the great preacher: then he spake as one
Who sudden grappled with a haunting thought

Which long has followed, whispering thro' the dark
Strange terror, drags it shrieking into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to hell!"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerly, "Be it so.
What hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
His Spirit dwells within and seals me His;
My hand of faith lays hold on Him;
His hand of power takes hold of me;
Love clasps me to His heart; so then
Where'er I go, He goes—
And better far to me were fire-walled hell with Him,
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray that fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon, where the hills of vines
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head, and said:
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom, the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward, till his airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,

Up the stone lace-work, chiseled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon brightness, the great minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth,
And casts below its darkened shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in heaven."

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## A STUDENT.

Over an ancient scroll I bent,
Steeping my soul in wise content,
Nor paused a moment, save to chide,
A low voice whispering at my side.

I wove beneath the star's pale shine
A dream, half human, half divine;
And shook off (not to break the charm)
A little hand laid on my arm.

I read; until my heart would glow
With the great deeds of long ago;
Nor heard, while with those mighty dead,
Pass to and fro a faltering tread.

On the old theme I pondered long—
The struggle between right and wrong;
I could not check such visions high,
To soothe a little quivering sigh.

I tried to solve the problem—Life;
Dreaming of that mysterious strife;
How could I leave such reasonings wise,
To answer two blue pleading eyes?

I strove how best to give, and when,
My blood to save my fellow-men—
How could I turn aside, to look
At snowdrops laid upon my book?

Now Time has fled—the world is strange,
Something there is of pain and change;
My books lie closed upon the shelf;
I miss the old heart in myself.

I miss the sunbeams in my room—
It was not always wrapped in gloom:
I miss my dreams—they fade so fast,
Or flit into some trivial past.

The great stream of the world goes by;
None care, or heed, or question, why
I, the lone student, cannot raise
My voice or hand, as in old days.

No echo seems to wake again
My heart to anything but pain,
Save when a dream of twilight brings
The fluttering of an angel's wings!

*From Legends and Lyrics by* A. A. Proctor.

"It might have been."

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest words are these,—"*It might have been.*"

"Ah! well for us all, some sweet hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

WHITTIER.

At eve, when o'er the lonely soul,
Swift waves of thought and memory roll,
When Fancy, with her magic wand,
Presents a fairer, happier land,
Some home of joy, some dream of power,
In contrast with the present hour;
When all the past is seen again,
How sad the thought,—"It might have been."

Amid the scenes of active life,
Its cares, its tumults, and its strife,
The heart oft-times forgets the past,
And o'er its grief a veil is cast:
Yet when those busy hours are o'er,
And gentle quiet reigns once more,
With stronger power, and deeper pain,
The sad thought comes—"It might have been."

Not mid life's checkered paths, may we
Foretell our course of destiny,
E'en though our plans are formed with care,
E'en though our future seems most fair;

For *He,* to whom all things are known,
Will shape our purpose to His own,
While we, the reason now unseen,
Can only say,—"It might have been!"

And O, how oft such changes come,
To sever the pure love of home;
How often death's relentless hand
Selects the choicest of the band;
Destroys some young and cherished flower,
And in that dark and bitter hour,
Comes deep and agonizing pain,
With thought of that which might have been.

Nor these, alone, cause all the woe
That wounds our spirits here below,
For all along life's troubled road,
Are seeds of pain and folly strewed;
Some hasty word, some thoughtless deed,
Has caused full many a heart to bleed;
And no return of tongue or pen,
Calls back the joy that might have been!

Ah! well,—to all must changes come,
And many a heart is but the tomb
Where buried lies some faded flower,
Whose beauty gladdened life's fair hour.
Yet not of all our joys bereft,
Are we to care and trouble left,
Without one ray of light between
The blasted hopes that might have been.

Oh, pilgrim! o'er life's dangerous road,
Look upward to thy Father, God;
Fulfil thy mission, and, with love,
Wait for thy summons from above;
Then, trusting in his Holy Son,
Thy earthly victories nobly won,
Rest in God's bosom, and from Him,
Thou *then* shalt know what might have been.

And, O, how sweet that rest will be,
From life and life's temptations free!
Blest be the hour when angels may
Tear from our eyes the veil away;
Disclose our pathway here, and show
The visions that we long to know!
Blest be the hour, when, all things seen,
We no more say,—"It might have been!"

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## THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Go, traveller to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou would'st hear immortal tales,
By the wind's deep whispers told.

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread
Where man hath nobly striven,
And life like incense hath been shed
An offering unto heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines,
Hath swept a noble flood;
The nurture of the peasants' vines
Hath been the martyr's blood.

A spirit, stronger than the sword,
And loftier than despair,
Through all the hero-region poured,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep
Of long-enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant where his sires
For faith and freedom bled?
Ask where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead?

And he will tell thee all around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown!

Go, where the sabbath bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old bowels and caves are stirr'd
To gladness by the note.

When forth along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
  And while the torrents' voice,
Like the swell of many an organ, blends,
  Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
  Through shame, through death, made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have borne
  Witness of God so long.

HEMANS.

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## GOLDAU,

### AS SEEN FROM THE RIGHI.

SOME gentle souls have sighed to think,
  That they by all around
So quickly shall forgotten be,
And all things smile as cheerfully,
  When they lie underground.

And they have wished that earth for them
  A mother's tears should weep,
Nor fill so soon their empty place,
But wear a sadder, tenderer face,
  Where her lost children sleep.

Then let them gaze on Goldau's vale,
  Where Nature, in her woe,
Sits desolate beside the dead,
Refusing to be comforted,
  For those that lie below.

We saw her spread the evening mists
  Above them like a pall;
And she has scattered flowers among
The giant tomb-stones, that were flung
  From that dread mountain fall.

Poor villagers, we wept for you,
  By your own hills betrayed;
And sweet it was our eyes to turn,
To where thy lovely lake, Lucerne,
  The holy symbol made.

For there it gleamed, a silver cross,
  Down in the twilight vale;
And we did bless the sacred sign,
That told of life and hope divine,
  When the mighty hills shall fail.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

## MONT BLANC REVISITED.

O MOUNT beloved! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire.
O Mount, beloved! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste,
And reverent desire.

They meet me, midst thy shadows cold,
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

O, happy, if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And, by the torrent side,
To lead me, as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
In peace unterrified.

Since from the things that trustful rest,—
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,—
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise, than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas, for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still rejects and raves;
That all God's love can hardly win,
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasures over graves.

Yet leave me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the mount of God,
Forget the thousands left;
Lest, haply, when I seek His face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace,
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood hath bought,
Least honorable be;
And this that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them,
Than jealousy for Thee.

J. Ruskin.

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## LINES

On Visiting my Aged Parents, in Scotland, after an absence of Thirteen Years.

Away, o'er Lake Erie's ripple,
And the ocean's tossing foam,
Like a bird on weary pinion,
I hie to my native home.

How sweet amid one's journeyings,
To cease for awhile to roam,
And exchange the world's heartless smile,
For the warm embrace of home.

Through the trembling tear-drops in my eye,
I scan the aged pair,
There's a deeper furrow on their cheek,
A whiter tinge come o'er their hair.

But sweet to know, that though by age,
Their eye less lustrous be,
Their eye of faith grows brighter,
As they near eternity.

And though the snows of age bedeck
Their locks, 'tis such as given
To mountain tops, that only tell
Their heads are nearer heaven.

But I miss my eldest sister,
And where the youngest too?
I remember yet the anguish
When we bade our last adieu.

They have left for aye their earthly home,
And our dear domestic band;
But they've found the "many mansions"
In the glorious spirit land.

And though I've made a pilgrimage,
Another will still remain ;
For I must cross the swelling Jordan,
Ere I meet with them again.

Yet sweet to know, that though on earth
The dearest ties are riven,
Our spirits feel a stronger link
That binds us all to heaven.

And though by death or distance,
The household scattered be,
We've a brighter home in prospect,
Where we'll dwell eternally.

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## THE GYPSIES.

Remnant of Ages ! from thy glory cast,
Dread link between the present and the past ;
Where are the tribes that bowed beneath thy might—
That drank from thee as from a fount of light ?
The only race, of all thy great compeers,
Still moves with thee along this vale of tears :
Long since ye parted by the Red Sea strand ;
Now face to face to meet in every land :
Alone, amid a new-born world to dwell—
Egypt's lorn people,—outcast Israel !

Like the two forms in sackcloth garb arrayed,
By the rapt seer in Patmos' shores surveyed.
Prophets of ill, that stand in speechless woe,
On earth's highway, to bid the nations know
How fallen they, who shone so bright of yore,
One skilled in human, one in holier lore.
How dark their fate, who turn to uses base,
Earth's highest wisdom, heaven's divinest grace.

STANLEY.

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## SOWING AND REAPING.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if *you* are too weary,
To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow;—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

*From Legends and Lyrics, by* A. A. Proctor.

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"In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

"The light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

It could not be; no light from heaven
Has ever led astray—
Its constant stars to guide are given,
And never to betray.

The meteor in the marsh bred
  May lure the foot afar,
But never wayfarer misled
  Would say it was a star.

When passion drives to wild excess,
  And folly wakes to shame,
It cannot make the madness less,
  To cast on heaven the blame.
O blindly wander, if thou wilt,
  And break from virtue's rule,—
But add not blasphemy to guilt,
  And doubly play the fool.

The light that seemed to shine on high,
  And led thee on to sin,
Was but reflected to thine eye
  From passion's fire within.
And Conscience warned thee of the guide,
  And Reason raised her voice;
Thou wert not forced to turn aside,
  But freely mad'st the choice.

Thy will its false enchantment drew
  Before thy clearer sight,
And round the hovering tempter threw
  An angel's robe of light.
And thus from virtue's peaceful way,
  So far by passion driven,
How could the light that led astray,
  Be light that shone from heaven?

Why, reckless of its native aim,
  Should genius, throned on high,
E'er lend the sanction of its name
  To consecrate a lie?
If not, that a corrupted heart
  Degrades the noblest mind,
And turns to shame the glorious art
  That should have blessed mankind.
O spurn the guilty thought away!
  Eternity will tell,
That every light that led astray
  Was light that shone from hell.

J. D. Burns.

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## WRITTEN IN A BIBLE, A PRESENT TO A GODCHILD.

A king for earthly wisdom prayed,
  God gave the boon he sought;
That king God's law still disobeyed,
  He knew, and did it not.

Ask thou, my child, a better boon,
  The wisdom from above;
Nor think thy morn of life too soon
  To learn a Saviour's love.

But ask not skill to understand
The deep and curious lore,
With which too many a reckless hand
Hath glossed these pages o'er.

Pray for what passeth human skill,
The power God's will to do;
Read thou, that thou may'st do His will,
And thou shalt know it too.

And what if much be still unknown?
Thy Lord will teach thee that,
When thou shalt stand before His throne,
Or sit as Mary sat.

Wait, and He will Himself disclose
Things now beyond our reach;
And listen not, my child, to those
Who the Lord's secrets teach;—

Who teach thee more than He has taught,
Tell more than He revealed,
Preach tidings that He never brought,
And read what he left sealed.

HINDS.

## THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year's morning was sad and still,
And a thin mist hung o'er meadow and hill,
When a fair child rose from her little bed,
And out of the window put forth her head.
Oh, fair was that little child to behold,
With her bright blue eyes and her tresses of gold;
But her brow was shaded, as though a fear
Were hid in the joy of the glad New Year;
And half to herself, and half aloud,
From her lips a solemn murmur flowed:—
"The good Old Year, it is gone away,
Not a moment longer it might stay;
It brought me all that it had to bring,
It scattered blessings beneath its wing;
It told me all it had to tell,
And then it bade me a long farewell.
New Year, what hast thou brought for me?
Wilt thou be as kind a friend as he?"

She ceased, as though she waited reply,
And I thought a music wild swept by:—
"Fair child, the answer must come from thee,
Art thou *willing* to make a friend of me?
I have many a precious gift in store,
Wilt thou take them, and love thy Saviour more?
If I whisper the words of holy cheer,
Wilt thou speak the words in thy brother's ear?

If I make thee a little stream of bliss,
Wilt thou water the barren wilderness?
Oh, yes, the good Shepherd has gathered thee in,
Then pity the children of sorrow and sin;
Let the near and the far be glad for thee,
And let all who thy lowly service see,
Inscribed on it read in the light of heaven,
'Freely received, and freely given.'
Then, fair child, I will love thee well,
But what I shall do, I may not tell;
I may lengthen thy day of blessing below,
And that will be loving thee much. I know:
I may shorten thy days, at thy Saviour's call,
And that will be loving thee most of all!"

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## CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE.

Mortal! that standest on a point of time,
With an eternity on either hand;
Thou hast one duty above all sublime,
Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand.

To stand undaunted by the threatening death,
Or harder circumstance of living doom;
Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
Of hope, that rises even from the tomb.

For hope will never dull the present pain,
And time will never keep thee safe from fall,
Unless thou bear'st in thee a mind to reign
Over thyself, as God is over all.

'Tis well in deeds of good, tho' small, to strive,
'Tis well, some part of ill, tho' small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hopes to strive,
Yet better and diviner to endure.

What but this virtue's solitary power,
Through all the lusts and dreams of Greece and Rome,
Bore the selected spirits of the hour,
Safe to a distant immaterial home?

What but this lesson, resolutely taught,
Of resignation, as God's claim and due,
Hallow the sensuous hopes of Eastern thought,
And makes Mahommed's mission almost true?

But in that patience was the seed of scorn,
Scorn of the world, and brotherhood of man;
Not patience such as in the manger born,
Up to the cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while,
Above, yet never separate from thy kind;
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle thou hast life to solve,
But in the task thou shalt not work alone;
For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with His own.

M. Milnes.

## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleadings,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But a better will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A. A. Proctor.

"Nasci poena, vita labor, necesse mori."

Oh! say not that the boon of birth
Is punishment alone;
God, who bestowed it, knew its worth!
The gift was all His own—
Designed to serve a noble end,
Would but thy thoughts to Him ascend.

Think not that life is nothing more
Than labour; hath it not,
'Mid paths by thorns besprinkled o'er,
Full many a flowery spot,
Whence gentle feelings, musings high,
May soar to immortality.

Nor look on death, man's latest foe,
As necessary ill;
Seek but thy Saviour's power to know,
And do thy Maker's will;—
And death, the end of care and strife,
Shall be the door of endless life!

Bernard Barton.

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## OPPORTUNITIES.

"All that thou mightest have been,
All that thou mightest have done."

Mark that long dark line of shadows,
Stretching far into the past;
Every day it seems to lengthen,
Whither does it tend at last?

Each one added to the hosts
From the present moment flies;
These are Time's forgotten ghosts,
Fleeted opportunities.

Characters of light or darkness,
Gabriel's pen from each requires!
God records, if man forgets them,
Numbers each as each expires.
And the awful spectres all
At the day of doom will rise,
Witnesses at heaven's call—
Fleeted opportunities.

Buried powers of good unmeasured,
Hardly present did ye seem,
Yet I thought I should have treasured,
When ye vanish'd like a dream.
Crushing now my sinful soul,
All your weight upon it lies;
Jesus' blood must o'er ye roll,
Fleeted opportunities.

Oh, my soul! no further lengthen
Wilfully this ghostly train;
Rise and seek for grace to strengthen,
Where 'twas never sought in vain.
Lost, this hour but adds another
To those solemn witnesses;
Every living soul's thy brother,—
Mark thine opportunities.

L. N. R.

## ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do, or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them; lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

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## THE PRESENT.

"Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence,
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honour her for she is mighty!
Honour her for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes,
Girt around her cloudy throne;
Every day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;

Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams both strange and new;
But the present shall fulfil them,
What he promised he shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her,
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands;
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule and us obey;
Bids us cast our lives before her,
Bids us serve the great *To-day*.

A. A. Proctor.

## BIRTHDAY HYMN.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom"

A SMILE in kindly eyes I see,
And kindly arms are pressed around me;
And kindly voices now I hear
That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder Eye
That gazes on me from on high;
The gracious Lord my prayer will hear,
As I begin another year.

Almighty Friend Thy grace bestow,
Teach Thy weak child Thy will to know;
And guide me in Thy faith and fear,
Oh! make me wiser every year!

Take pride and folly from my heart;
Bid sloth and selfishness depart;
Let me be humble, meek, sincere:
Oh, make me holier every year!

If more and more I prize Thy word,
If more and more I love my Lord;
If more and more I feel Thee near,
I shall be happier every year.

Still wiser, holier, may I be,—
A brighter, happier birthday see,
When I at last in heaven appear
To spend with Thee an endless year!

## To J. W.

To a beloved Child on her Sixteenth Birthday.—*April* 27th 1857.

As April's suns and April's showers
Renew earth's face with leaves and flowers;
Thou better Sun with beams of Thine,
Shine on my child with grace divine;
And grant that grace in plenteous shower
May still renew *my* April flower;
Till ta'en from earth to bloom above,
'Neath skies where all is changeless love.

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## TO MY BELOVED CHILD IN THE FAITH, H. J. J., ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Daughter of faithful Abraham's race!
To whom thy God has given grace;
Not *far*, but *near* that *Seed* to see,
Which gladdened Him, and blesseth thee.

Child of the ancient Priestly line,
Be clothed in Righteousness Divine;
Let Levi's Portion still be thine,
For time and for eternity.

The darkening veil for aye removed,
Behold the Father's well-beloved;
And resting on His Arm of might,
Onward still press to realms of light.

Then swift as years shall run their round,
Still may they find thee "homeward bound";
Nearer the wayworn pilgrim's rest,
Nearer the mansions of the blest.

And oh, my child! to thee be given
Thy loved on earth to meet in heaven;
All gathered in one Home of Peace,
One Home of pure Eternal bliss.

*July 23rd* 1857.

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## TO MY DEAR LUNETTE, ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child. I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Now stately Womanhood has set
Her crown, upon thy blooming brow,
Be thine the choice, my dear Lunette,
At holy Wisdom's shrine to bow.

Keep simple trust,—keep childlike love,—
Fair flowers to weave in woman's crown;
They spring from heaven, they'll bloom above,
Thy Lord for His these plants shall own.

But cast from thee weak "childish things,"
They ill befit,—they can't adorn
A daughter of the King of kings,
Preparing for the Bridal Morn.

May ripening grace, with years advance,
The "virtuous woman's" praise be thine;
Meek hope and child-like innocence,
And Christ thy Friend—such prayer be mine.

*August 23rd* 1860.

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## YOUTH AND AGE.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment."

How views the youth this varied scene,
'Neath sunny skies, in blooming May,
Ere memories sad of what *has been*,
Have changed Hope's azure hue to grey.

He looks exultingly around,—
Sorrow to him is but a name,
He scarcely feels to tread the ground,
Pursuing pleasure, wealth, or fame.

With ruddy cheek and sparkling eye,
He never dreams of pain or death;
His pulse beats strong, his hopes are high,
He knows not, life is but a breath.

But when disease, with stealthy pace,
Or else sure-footed age draws nigh;
When grief has left its dimning trace,
And tears have quenched the beaming eye.

When he has felt, O earth! how vain
Is all of joy that thou can'st give;
Where then shall he a covert gain,
And learn that mystery—How to live?

*One Book* alone that secret tells,
Because it speaks of Him who lives;
One Name alone our fear dispels,
Because all grace and power it gives.

O youth! seek *Him*, of friends *The Friend*,
Before "the evil days" draw nigh,
Then shall He bless thy latter end,
And guide thee to thy Home on High.

Seek not thy joy in this low earth,
Let higher aims thy heart engage;
Bethink thee of thy Heavenly birth,
And of thy glorious Heritage.

And weary age remember thou,
That rest was never promised *here;*
*Yonder* a crown awaits thy brow,
And thy Redemption draweth near.

## A SERMON FROM A CHILD.

"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."

"Mother," said little Isabel,
"While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep;

"For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flowret's eye.

"I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad.

"Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

"Mother, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers,
About God's watchful love and care,
Through the dark midnight hours,

"I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And then, perhaps, they'd bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew,
Our Heavenly Father sendeth down
Each morn and evening new.

"The glittering drops of pearly dew,
Are to the grass and flowers,
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

"Thus God remembers all the works,
That He in love has made;
O'er all His watchfulness and care
Are night and day displayed."

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## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
*So* let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man, in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up, and away, like the odours of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,—
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let these be our story;
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn move silently on),
The bloom and the fruit, and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

*From Hymns of Faith and Hope, by* H. Bonar.

# Days of Creation.

# Days of Creation.

## FIRST DAY OF CREATION.

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

"Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord."

"LET there be light," Jehovah said,
The beam awoke, the light obeyed;
Bursting on chaos dark and wild,
Till the glad earth and ocean smiled.

Formless, and void, and dark as night,
My heart remained, till heavenly light,
Obedient to the Word Divine,
On my dark soul began to shine.

Light broke upon my rayless tomb,
The day-star rose upon my gloom;
And with its gentle new-born ray,
Brightened my darkness into day.

Glory to Thee, by all be given;—
Of light the Light, in earth and heaven;
Of joys the Joy, of suns the Sun,
Jesus, the Father's chosen One.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters."

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glories the silent skies record;
Where stands Thy Name
In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high shadowing frame.

I gaze o'erhead
Where Thy hand has spread
For the waters of heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered thro'.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh Divine,
Beams forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem
This world will seem
When we wake from life's mysterious dream ;
And burst the shell,
Where our spirits dwell,
In their wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof;
Which the King of kings,
As a curtain flings,
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament ;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes,
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole
Like a parch'd up scroll,
Shall before my amazèd eyes uproll ;

And without a skreen,
At one burst be seen,
The presence wherein I have ever been.

O who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days?

Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

T. Whytehead.

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## THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so."

Thou spakest; and the waters roll'd
Back from the earth away,
They fled, by Thy strong voice controll'd,
Till Thou didst bid them stay:
Then did that rushing mighty ocean,
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fix'd its bound of slender sand.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of Power,
And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree and herb and flower,
A robe of lustrous green :
Like souls wherein the hidden strength
Of their new-birth is waked at length,
When robed in holiness they tell
What might doth in Thy Spirit dwell.

And still within this earth resides
A hidden power Divine,
And waiting for the hour she bides,
Till Thou shalt give the sign :
Then sudden into light shall burst
A flush of glory like at first,
And this dark world around us lie
Array'd in immortality.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul,
The word of power be said ;
Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
Each in its channell'd bed :
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,
The wild and wayward will,
From side to side is wearily
Changing and tossing still :

But sway'd by Thee 'tis like the river,
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And calm and constant tells to all
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
  Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright,
  Of holiness begin :
So let it be with Heaven's own grace,
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young Earth in peace profound,
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

T. Whytehead.

## FOURTH DAY OF CREATION.

'And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years."

As yet the darkness and the day
Sphered in their separate dwelling lay,
But for the thrones of eve and morn,
The kings of light were yet unborn.

Then spake the Word of the Most High,
And straight the solitude of sky
Was peopled with the glimmering powers
That sway the seasons, years, and hours ;

And sun and moon the signal given,
Arose and took their seat in heaven,
High o'er the earth, to yield it light,
And rule the day-time and the night.

And far and near, in files of flame,
The stars from out the darkness came,
God's host in mystic ranks and signs,
Marshalling their far-off beaconing lines.

In silent order each bright band
Bows to a secret high command,
On separate pauseless mission sent
For witness, guide and government.

To heaven above, to earth below,
The ordaining word of power doth go,
And kings and priests, O Lord, from Thee,
Take their appointed ministry.

Their lamps of clay Thy hand hath lit,
Each for its different station fit,
A globe of light, a twinkling spark,
To rule the day, or cheer the dark.

And Thou for each an orb has traced,
Where we without or halt, or haste,
May move in order calm and true,
As the sky's white-robed pilgrims do.

O happy are the souls that stay
In such harmonious course alway,
And like the patient stars are found
Walking each day their quiet round.

Deem not when on the heavens ye gaze,
And see the midnight all ablaze,
That we 'midst those bright strangers are
An idle solitary star.

Each soul, the living and the dead,
The very earth whereon we tread,
Is bound by mightiest, holiest ties,
With all creation's destinies.

The Christ of God, who dwells on high,
In splendour of the Deity,
Did take, O Earth, from dust of Thine,
That sacred Form, that Flesh Divine.

For this thou ever shalt remain
Link'd into life's eternal chain;
The fine-cleansed altar where the curse
Was taken from the universe:

The Temple, from whose quires shall ring
Those harps the lost ones used to string;
Whose silent notes have marr'd so long
The music of the angel's song.

T. Whytehead.

## FIFTH DAY OF CREATION.

"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly, the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth.

O'ER the void and formless earth,
In darkness lay the deep,
When came the eternal spirit forth,
And stirr'd its silent sleep:
He moved amid the unshapen gloom,
And through the mighty waters' womb
The thrill of life did creep.

Yet no sign of change it gave,
Till God the bidding spoke;
Then straight within the heaving wave
The hidden power awoke:
And ocean teemed with living things,
And heaven was swept with myriad wings,
That from the waters broke.

From that mystic deep arisen,
Up, Christian spirit fly,
As rose from out their watery prison
The creatures of the sky:
On this his rising-day prepare
To meet thy Saviour in the air,
And seek thy home on high.

He unto heaven is gone;
And shouldst thou here below
Round old delights be lingering on
Thou canst not yet forego:

O child of an immortal birth,
Inheritor of more than earth,
  Thy better portion know.

Here awhile contented be
  In quietness to glide,
Like the mute creatures of the sea,
  On through the opposing tide:
Move upward still, though dark and strong
The world's dark waters foam along
  The torrent of their pride.

Through the stream 'twixt earth and heaven
  Thy steady course be bent,
While day by day shall strength be given
  To stem its swift descent:
And think that still, with wings of love,
The Eternal Spirit broods above
  The troublous element.

T. Whytehead.

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## SIXTH DAY OF CREATION.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

Last of creation's days,
  Last of the day's of woe,
Which He, to whom be endless praise,
  Endured for us below:

Most sad, most sacred time,
Now let me watch and pray,
And muse upon Thy theme sublime
Thou wondrous day.

To-day, from Adam's side,
Our mother Eve was made;
His beautiful and virgin bride,
While He in sleep was laid.
To-day, from Jesus' side,
The Church, His spouse, arose;
Her life receiving from the tide,
That as He slumbers, flows.

The water and the blood,
That still, as first, flow on,
When 'neath the cross recording stood
Thyself, Saint John.

T. Whytehead.

## SEVENTH DAY.

"And God rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

Sabbath of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the Great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest;
I with thoughts of Thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word;
And His wondrous labour done,
Now the everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more Divine:

Resting from His work, to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet,
Swathed in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealed stone.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So as closed the Sabbath night,
In Goshen watched the Israelite,
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,
By the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Waiting till the midnight cry
Signal gave that God was nigh.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine

In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell,
None but Thou may'st ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
My poor affections' offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Then the new Creation done,
Shall be Thy endless rest begun:
Jesu, keep me safe from sin,
That I with them may enter in,
And, danger past and toil at end,
To Thy resting-place ascend.

T. Whytehead.

# Scripture Scenes.

# Scripture Scenes.

## JACOB'S BURIAL.

"His sons carried him into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field for a possession of a burying place of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamre."

NOW Jacob rests where all his kindred are,
The exile from the land in which of old
His fathers lived and died, he comes from far
To mix his ashes with their mortal mould.
There, where he stood with Esau, in the cold
Dim passage of the vault, with holy trust,
His sons lay down the venerable dust.

They laid him close by Leah, where she sleeps
Far from her Syrian home, and never knows
That Reuben kneels beside her feet and weeps,
Nor glance of kindly recognition throws
Upon her stately sons from that repose.
His Rachel rests far-sundered from his side,
Upon the way to Bethlehem, where she died.

Sleep on, O weary saint! thy bed is bless'd,
Thou, with the pilgrim-staff of faith, hast passed
Another Jordan, into endless rest:
Well may they sleep who can serenely cast
A look behind, while darkness closes fast
Upon their path, and breathe thy parting word,
"For Thy salvation I have waited, Lord."

Long years will pass away, ere once again
Thy silence, O Machpelah! shall be stirred;
The boughs will spread unpruned, and mosses stain
The ancient stones where sings the lonesome bird;
But ne'er shall dust as saintly be interred
Within thy silent vaults, nor rites be paid
As solemn underneath thy hoary shade.

J. D. Burns.

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## WELLS OF MARAH.

"And they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter."

By Marah's bitter fountains the hosts of Israel stand,
As evening closes round them, a sad and weary band;
While sounds of lamentation rise on the summer air,
The wail of woman's anguish, the groan of man's despair.

Three days of desert journey their pilgrim feet have trod,
Since through the parted billows they took their midnight road;
And since on those returning waves the morning sunbeam shone,
No other water have they found in all their journeying on.

One hope alone sustained them through their long night of fear,
The wells of Marah are at hand, each hour we come more near;
And now they gain the fountain side, they stand upon the brink,
They see the living water rise, they taste, but dare not drink.

Ah! still the wells of Marah lie on our pilgrim way,
And Israel's old sorrow is still our own to-day;
When some loved object long desired, and long pursued, we gain,
And find, too late, the glory fled, the promise false and vain.

Well, then, for those in such an hour, who know what Moses knew,
And turn to Him who changeth not, the Faithful One and True,
And from His loving heart receive, and from His gracious Hand,
The cure for every ill they meet, through all the desert land.

For in the wilderness of earth still grows the healing Tree,
Unchanged in all its wondrous power to soothe and remedy;
Still, answering the cry of faith, will God the gift bestow,
To pour a sweetness in each cup of bitter human woe.

And of that mighty secret, when our spirits are possest,
We bless the storm that drove us to the haven of our rest:
We bless the shadowing clouds that darkened earthly skies,
And taught our hearts to nobler joys above the clouds to rise.

And now we do not ask to pass the bitter fountains by,
But that our God may meet us there, to heal and sanctify;
And so to lead us onward, till the wilderness be passed,
And safely through the city's gate we enter in at last.

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And they buried him in the valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug the sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the noblest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept;
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car;

They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won;
And behind him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
  With costly marble drest,
In the great Minster-transept,
  Where lights like glories fall;
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
  Along th' emblazoned walls.

This was the bravest Warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted Poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage,
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
  The cloud-wreath for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

WHITTIER.

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## THE CHILD SAMUEL.

"And ere the lamp of God went out in the Temple of the Lord where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, that the Lord called Samuel; and he answered, 'Here am I.'"

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred Ark;
When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him, to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house, Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

## CHRIST'S BAPTISM.

"Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

The voice of him who cries aloud,
Is heard on Judah's waste,
And soon a sinful sorrowing crowd
Around the Baptist haste.

And see, as they assemble thus,
The spotless Lamb draws nigh,
The Lamb, who gave Himself for us,
To suffer and to die.

John's mind with heavenly light supplied,
The Source of life could see:
"I need Thy washing, Lord," he cried,
"And comest Thou to me?"

But e'en though thus self-humbled, still
His Word must be obeyed:
He must in every point fulfil
The law Himself has made.

Herald of Christ, at length thine eyes
The Mightier One have seen:
'Tis thine with water to baptize,
'Tis His with fire to clean.

Praise to the Son, through whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

*Hymn of the Primitive Church.—Translated by* CHANDLER.

## THE MIRACLE AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

"Not grudgingly, or of necessity."

The Hand that strews the earth with flowers,
  Enrich'd the marriage feast with wine:
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours,
  This morning made the dew drops shine;

Makes rain-clouds palaces of art,
  Makes ice-drops beauteous as they freeze:
The heart that bled to save,—that heart
  Sends countless gifts each day to please;

Spares no minute refining touch
  To paint the flower, to crown the feast,
Deeming no sacrifice too much;
  Has care and leisure for the least;

Gives freely of its very best,
  Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making bless'd,—
  Teach us to love and give like Thee!

Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
  But question daily all our powers:
To whose cup can we add a pleasure?
  Whose path can we make bright with flowers.

*From "The Three Wakings."*

## THE HOMELESS WANDERER.

"Not where to lay His head."

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his shelter'd nest;
The wandering beast has sought its lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His lone unshelter'd head,
Blows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath "not where to lay His head."

Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich full stream of Heavenly grace.

RUSSEL.

"What thing is this? for with authority commandeth He even the unclean spirits, and they obey Him."

O WHERE is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing;
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire;
And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
Their life in sad desire.

O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,
And dark waves rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers whose own flesh has been
A living loathsome grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 'tis He can save!

O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, by tender mercy fed,
Their heaven-sent fare they take,
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul the Lord is here,
Let all thy fears be hushed in Thee,
To leap, to look, to hear.
Be thine:—thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

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## THE CHILD SET IN THE MIDST.

There is a child of mystery,
Whose name I do not know;
But his little footsteps haunt me,
Like music sweet and low.

His face sleeps, calm in the twilight
Of the ancient solemn years;
And the shade of the Cross is o'er him
With its Eternal tears.

For the Eyes of infinite Sorrow
Looked on him clear and mild;
While in earth's strife and battle,
A soft and humble child.

The features meek and innocent,
The golden waving hair,
The glance of peace and purity,
Arise before me there.

Earth shrouds in tender silence
The little spot she gave;
The heaping dust of centuries
Lies on his unknown grave.

I cannot tell how life looked on him,
If her face was stern and mild,
As she drew from her mystic bundle
The lot of that favored child.

If he faded back like a sunbeam
Into the realms of day;
Or if he trod with sorrow
A yet diviner way.

I know that the lips of the Holiest
Have comforted those that mourn,—
That the hand of Eternal Pity
Holds forth the crown of thorn.

But I like to think of him passing,
Like the bright morning star,
Into that quiet region
Where the infant angels are.

I like to think of his little feet
Climbing the heavenly stair;
Of his eyes in their wondering meekness
Waking to glory there.

And the same dim music sounds
When I think of that blessed child,
As the perfumed lilies breathed
On which the Saviour smiled.

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## CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

"Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her."

"Stark, Stark! that arm which steered the skiff
Thro' Galilee's white surf;
Leaden that foot which chased the deer
O'er Tabor's bounding turf.

"On Carmel's height the shepherd sings,
Soft wave the trees on Lebanon;
But neither song nor summer greets
The widow's only son.

"March, march,—the pale procession swings
With measured, solemn tread;
Woe, woe! yon gaping sepulchre
Is calling for the dead.

"And bitter is the wail that weeps
The widow's treasured joy;
And gladly would she lay her down
Beside her darling boy.

"Halt, halt! a Hand is on the bier,
And life stirs 'neath the shroud:
Rise, Rise! and view the Form Divine
Who wakes thee midst the crowd.

"And as the mother clasps her son,
In awe-struck ecstasy;
Turn thou to Him thine eyes new op'ed
Whose word was 'Let there be.'

"Home, home! to make that mother glad,
And recompense her tears;
And home to give that Saviour-God
This second lease of years.

"And when amidst a greater crowd,
Thou hear'st that voice again,
May rising saints see Jesus in
The widow's son of Nain."

HAMILTON.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS.

A crowd to Jericho approach'd—
And lo! as on they sped,
A blind man sat beside the way,
And ask'd his daily bread.

He heard the sound of many feet,
And sought the reason why;
And learned that Jesus—David's son—
Of Nazareth passed by.

And loudly now on Him he calls,
And still his tones increase,
As voices from the crowd he hears
Bidding him hold his peace.

But One, on whom none call in vain,
Had also heard his cry—
And paused to list the sufferer's prayer
As He was passing by.

He hears that loving, gentle voice,
Ask what his wish may be;
One life-long, yearning wish was his,
"Lord, let the blind man see."

But who the blind man's joy can tell,
As broke upon his sight,
The heavenly radiance of His face
Who said, "Receive thy sight!"

Oh, sick at soul! Oh, blind of heart!
Why lift ye not your cry?
Since He, who had all power to save,
*To-day* is passing by!

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## CHRIST REBUKING PETER.

"From all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil good Lord deliver us."—LITANY.

"Then Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him, saying—Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee."
*(Marginal reading*—"Pity thyself.")

"PITY thyself!" Words seeming kind!
But met with stern rebuke;
For Jesus knew what lurked behind
The words that Peter spake.

He tracked in them the serpent's wile,
That foe to man—offence to God,
Who erst the woman did beguile,
But now must 'neath her *Seed* be trod.

Behold him take an angel-form,
A demon's work to do;
For robed in light he hides the storm,
That would a world undo.

'Twas not to spare, but firm abide
All suffering,—Jesus came;
Nor must those shrink or turn aside
Who bear the Master's Name.

"Pity thyself!"—How oft this checks
The high resolve, the generous aim?
How oft the fairest hopes it wrecks,
And robs the Saviour of His claim!

Ah! when to lay up earthly hoard
We "labour in the very fire;"
Not oft we hear the warning word
Of *spare*—to check our low desire.

Lord, teach *Thou* us the holy art,
Of *when* to *spare*, and when to *spend;*
To spare for Thee, the grace impart,
Spend, and be spent for our True Friend.

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## A SONG OF THE DISCIPLES.

"Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat?"

All through the wild and starless night,
We drag our empty nets in vain,
We toil until the morning's light,
Barren of life seems all the main.—

The world's wide waters yield us naught
To satisfy our longing thought—
When o'er the waves a voice comes sweet:
"O, children, have ye any meat?"

The Stranger stands upon the shore,
We know Him not, He seems so far;
But o'er the billows muffled roar,
We cry as to a guiding star:
"No, Lord, none, none; we still have fed
On dry husks, long since winnowed,
We have no gold to buy us wheat,
Behold, we have not any meat!"

"No, Lord, ah! no; we hunger sore,
And all these waters yield no food;
But yet to linger on the shore,
Perchance within the reach of good
Our hands from out the deep may win,
Were double pain and double sin;
So we toil on through cold and heat,
But now, we have not any meat."

"Nay, but such toil will profit naught,
Self-chosen labour brings no gain,
Let down your nets now for a draught,
This time it shall not be in vain.
A higher hand than your's must guide—
Ye must lay down self-trusting pride,
E'er ye can render answer meet
To—'Children, have ye any meat?'"

We heard, and we believed the word,
  And it was even as He had said,
And then we knew it was the Lord,
  As towards the land our boat we sped;
Yet could not *speed* it for the weight
Of the net, strained with living freight;
We fain would leave it for *His* feet,
And cry, "*We* have not any meat!"

For e'en this meat which thou hast given,
  Would not fulfil our high desire;
But Thou dost break the bread of heaven,
  And Thou dost kindle heavenly fire.
Then layest on the altar-flame
The symbol of Thy holy name,
And callest us to sit and eat:
"Come, children, to the soul's true meat."

Then from the fullness of this feast,
  Made ready by the risen Lord,
We rise with love towards the least
  Of those that wait upon His word;
Ready to feed as we are fed,
To break to all the heavenly bread,
And all the way-side wanderers greet
With—"Brethren have ye any meat?"

Ready, if Him indeed we love
  With the love threefold we have vowed
To follow Him where'er He move,
  And 'neath a cross like His be bowed;

Or else to tarry, if He will,
By the lone sheepfold, mindful still
How from the shore that voice came sweet,—
"O, children, have ye any meat?"

M. G. T.

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## JESUS AT THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

"Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, . . . . . Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore being wearied, sat thus on the well; . . . . . Then cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, give me to drink . . . . . Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came, but, oh, her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to find
"The Hope of Israel there."

Lord! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from Thee,
The secrets of Thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

As once of old the living water,
Lord Jesus, Thou did'st give,
At Sychar, to Samaria's daughter,
So bid us drink and live.

In spirit, Lord, we'll sit with Thee,
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and hear Thee there,
Its healing virtue tell.

Dead to the world, we'll dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now,
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory Thou.

No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see,
But seek the rest, the peace, the joy,
That dwells, our God, with Thee!

## GENNESARET.

"And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And the disciples came to Him and awoke Him, saying, Lord save us, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm."

On the lone bosom of a lake,
Contending surges fiercely met,
"Be still"—'twas thus the Saviour spake,
And thou wert calm—Gennesaret!

Whene'er with sad forebodings filled,
When guilty fears my bosom fret,
I'll turn to Him who gently still'd
Thy raging waves—Gennesaret!

I'll think of that more fearful storm,
When wrathful thunders fiercely met
Around the Cross of Him, whose form
Mov'd 'mid thy waves—Gennesaret!

When quivering lip, and eye-ball dim,
Proclaim life's sun about to set,
I'll lean upon the arm of Him
Who still'd thy waves—Gennesaret!

Safe landed on that heavenly shore,
My heart shall have but one regret,
That here I did not love Him more,
Who walk'd thy waves—Gennesaret!

Lord! let Thy love my bosom fill,
While toss'd on life's rough surges yet;
Speak Thine own mandate—"Peace, be still!"
Which calm'd of old, Gennesaret.

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## THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER.

"This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner."

Oh, turn not such a withering look
On one who still can feel;
Nor, by a cold and harsh rebuke,
An outcast's misery seal!
But think, ere thus the mourner's sigh,—
The mourner's tears you spurn,
That 'tis perhaps a Friend on high
Who prompts my late return!

The haunts of vice might pleasing seem,
When first I long'd to stray;
But Ah! one hour dispelled the dream,
And dash'd my joys away.
Amidst the crowds in pleasure's bower
My heart was still forlorn;
And where I thought to find a flower,
I only felt a thorn.

Oh, say not, then, the cup of wrath
I must submit to drain,
When in the safe, the narrow path,
I wish to tread again!
It is not thus the Gospel speaks
To those who cease from sin;
The soul, Immanuel's fold that seeks,
Is ever welcomed in.

And say not that my guilt is great—
I know, I feel 'tis true;
But while I groan beneath its weight,
I hope for pardon too.
Beyond the reach of grace Divine
Myself I have not thrown;
And once, at least, to guilt like mine,
My Lord has mercy shown.

When such a wandering sheep as I
Was unto Jesus brought,
And all the cruel standers-by
A rigid sentence sought;
The feeble reed He would not break,
Though it was bruised sore;
The gentle words the Saviour spake,
Were,—"Go, and sin no more!"

Dr. How.

## CHRIST IN THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.

"And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment."

Yes, weep, O woman, frail and fair;
Though tears, that fall so fast
Amid that bright up-braided hair,
Can ne'er efface the past.

Though other drops, whose power Divine,
Can wash thy stains away,
Must plead e'en more than tears like thine,
More holy still than they.

Had He who pardons bid thee bring
Those tears His love to buy,
That Word had ne'er unsealed the spring
That fills thy streaming eye.

Ah! 'twas not Sinai's flash that taught
That frozen fount to thaw;
No—milder, mightier rays it caught,
And, lo, the waters flow!

Pour, then, thine odours—pour and see,
In Him on whom they fall,
The vase of clay, that holds for thee
Balm costlier far than all.

More fragrant unction on that brow
Rests where His Father smil'd;
He bears a brother's name, for thou—
Thou, too, art call'd a child.

Oh wondrous!—pour a heaven of tears:
When sin's erased above,
How dark that record torn appears,
In the full light of love!

S. M. Waring.

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## PETER WEEPING.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how He said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

"O strong in purpose—frail in power,
Where now the pledge so lately given?
Coward—to creatures of an hour;
Bold to the challenged bolts of heaven!

"Shall that fierce eye e'er pour the stream
Of heart-wrung tears before its God?—
Thus did the rock in Horeb seem,
One moment ere it felt the rod.

"But Jesus turns—mysterious drops
Before that kindly glance flow fast;—
So melt the snows from mountain tops,
When the dark wintry hour is past.

"What might it be that glance could paint?
Did one deep-touching impress blend
The more than sage—the more than saint—
The One, the Everlasting Friend?

"Was it that lightening thought retrac'd
Some hallowed hour beneath the moon
Or walk, or converse high, that grac'd
The Temple's column'd shade at noon?

"Say, did that face to memory's eye,
With gleams of Tabor's glory shine?
Or did the dews of agony
Still rest upon that brow Divine?

"I know not,—but I know a will
That, Lord, might frail as Peter's be!
A heart that had denied Thee still,
E'en now—without a look from Thee!

S. M. Waring.

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"The disciple whom Jesus loved."

There lies a little lonely isle
Where dark the salt waves run,
And Grecian fishers dry their nets
Against the Eastern sun;

And, many a hundred years ago,
Within that island fair,
There dwelt an exiled Jewish man,
A man of reverend air;

His eye was bright as setting suns,
  His aged form unbent;
The little children following,
  He blest them as he went.

That head beloved, at supper-time
  Had leant on Jesus' breast;
That honored hand had taken home
  His mother for a guest.

That eye had seen in glorious trance
  Mysterious things to be,
Wild visions of impending doom
  On heaven, and earth, and sea.

His pen had writ of times to come,
  Of dearer times by-gone;
He was the fisher's chosen son,
  The Lord's beloved John.

And he had drank his Master's cup
  So long, so patiently,
And now he lingered there, the last,
  Till Christ should set him free.

I wish I'd lived in those old times,
  And been a Grecian child,
To hear that old man's blessing kind,
  To meet him when he smiled.

To hear the words of holy love
  That ever from his lips
Fell gentle, as the evening dew
  The thirsty blossom sips.

But love endureth thro' all age :
Nor time, nor distance drear,
Divide the living and the dead
Of Christ's communion dear.

For all His saints in Him are one ;
The exile o'er the sea,—
The child within his English home,—
The struggling and the free.

The holy John hath rest at last ;
He wears the promised crown,
And still by that dear Church he watched,
His words are handed down.

And we shall meet him, not as once,
On that far island shore,
But were apostles, martyrs, saints,
Have peace for evermore.

# Miscellaneous.

# Miscellaneous.

"Walking in the fear of the Lord."

FEAR! yea truly Lord, a sinner must
Often fear while he is dust;
While he owns a heart within,
So full of earthliness and sin.

O never let my spirit be
So full of false security,
As to walk while wandering here,
'Mid sinful men without a fear!

It is not that I doubt my God,
Nor yet the power of Jesus' blood;
That *His* love could ever leave me,
Or His truth could e'er deceive me!

It is not that I think His power
Could fail me in the darkest hour!
Nor that death or hell could ever
Me from my Redeemer sever!

But 'tis—lest I should grieve his grace,
And He should hide from me His face;
And tho' He ne'er would let me go,
Still I might lose my joy below.

Lord, when I'm weak, then Thou art strong;
When I am sad, Thou'lt be my song;
And when I fail, or faint, or fear,
I'll recollect that Thou art near.

For aye, the closer I have trod
In daily commune with my God;
Full well I know I've found within,
Less fear,—because less frequent sin.

Then tho' I rest upon Thee, Lord;
And trust Thine ever-faithful word;
And not a shade of doubt could make
Me think, Thou ever would'st forsake.

Still never let my spirit be
So full of false security,
As to walk while wand'ring here,
'Mid sinful men without a fear.

*From "Parish Musings" by* J. B. Monsell.

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## THE HIDDEN CROSS.

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord."

"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

"And when that happy time shall come of peace and rest,
We shall look back upon our path and say
It was the best."

It was a time of sadness—and my heart,
Although it loved and knew the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these—as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as though I never could be sure,
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight;"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—"My cross I cannot bear."

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One—unto whom all others bow'd the knee;
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And "Follow Me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shapes and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
*A little one*, with jewels set in gold;—
Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair they were to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and look'd again
To see if there were any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast mine eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combined;
Wondering I gazed—and still I wonder'd more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair;
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said' "No cross—no crown."

At length to Him I raised my sadden'd heart,
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart;—
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me,
My perfect love shall now be shewn to thee."

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The *only one* of all the many there,
That I could feel was *good for me to bear.*

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent—my burden to sustain—
I recognised my own old cross again.

But oh, how different did it seem to be!
Now I had learned its preciousness to see;
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust; it's best—because *He* knows the end.

A. L. Waring.

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## GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' BATTLE SONG.

"If ever a man subordinated self to the cause he contended for, it was surely the Great Gustavus. And he has his reward in kind. The life he so unflinchingly offered to stem the returning flood of Romanism, was accepted, and the flood was stayed. The hero died at Lutzen, and the faith he had contended for, held its ground in Germany. From that noble heart, in which northern strength and northern tenderness, the lofty heroism of an old Viking, were so wonderfully blended, one psalm has come down to us. Its composition was characteristic. The brave king was no man of letters. The fire of faith which burned in his heart, was more wont to fuse the iron of heroic deeds, than the gold of beautiful words. But the thoughts were in his heart; had they not inspired him in march and battle-field? So he told his chaplain, Dr. Jacob Fabricius, what his thoughts were, and the chaplain moulded them into three verses of a hymn, and the simple-hearted hero took them ever after as his battle song."—*From The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*

Be not dismayed thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock,
Loud on all sides assail thee.

Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
Their triumph cannot long endure,
  Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's—go at his call,
And to His Hand commit thy all;
  Fear thou no ill impending:
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's Word and people manfully,
  In God's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might,
Against themselves the Godless fight,
  Themselves, not us, distressing:
Shame and contempt their lot shall be,
God is with us, with Him are we,
  To us belongs His blessing.

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## HONOUR.

"*Honour all men.*"

Honour is tender human love,
Late seen and touched by each of us,
  Again descended from above,
And changed to be ubiquitous.

*Noli me tangere!* 'Tis grown
Conscious of self; yet if the way
Of honour is to have his own,
'Tis but in care that others may.

He plies no self-suspecting strife
His own repute with men to raise;
He thinks them just; and lives his life
Conferring, not beseeching praise.

He greatly scorns their faithless mood,
Who, traitors to the social tie,
Believe the ill before the good,
And benefit of doubt deny.

And nobly, when he cannot know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field,
Carries a falcon, or a crow,
Blazons a falcon on the shield.

Yet careful ever not to part
God's honour who creates success,
His praise of even the best desert,
Is but to have presumed no less.

And should his own deeds plaudits bring,
He's simply vexed at heart, that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing,
Should move the minds of men so much.

His home is home; his chosen lot,
A private place and private name;
But, if the world's want calls, he'll not
Rufuse the indignities of fame.

## HAVELOCK.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

He is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave:
He hath gained a nobler tomb,
Than in old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight:
England's banners o'er him waved;
Dead,—he keeps the realm he saved.
Strew not on the hero's hearse,
Garland's of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of fame
Sounding loud a deathless name.
Tell us of no vauntful glory,
Shouting forth her haughty story:
All life long his homage rose,
To far other shrine than those.
"In hoc signo," pale nor dim
Lit the battle field for him;
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the crown for duty done.
Done as unto Christ his Lord,
In obedience to His Word.

## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there was no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

O there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the Godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good: good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come, if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by child-like love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
Where reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own,
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth least like
What men agree to praise.

As he can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame;
In his own world he is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, down-cast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay;
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FABER.

## DURABLE RICHES.

The meanest creature of His care
Finds some soft nest to greet it made ;
The hunted beast has yet its lair,—
He had not where to lay His head.

And scarce a little child that dies,
But has its treasured things to share ;
Its little store of legacies,
Love hoards thenceforth with sacred care.

He left no treasure to divide ;
E'en the poor garments which He wore,
Were shared by strangers ere He died,
For their own worth and nothing more.

Yet when the first disciples trod
Vineyards and fields of other men,
Pilgrims beside the Son of God,
Had royal grants enrich'd them then ?

Or when, on His Ascension Day,
They stood once more on Olivet ;
And town and village 'neath them lay,
Gems in their vines and olives set,—

Nor vines or olives, house or lands,
They own'd those hills and valleys o'er,
Yet when Christ lifted up His hands
And bless'd them, were those Christians poor ?

If of that world which is His own,
Where every knee to Him shall bow;
Some special acres each had won,
Had they been richer then, or now?

*From "The Three Wakings."*

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## OUR ONE LIFE.

"Occupy till I come."

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear;
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
Frail fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream;
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange, and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth—
Friends and companions, even from our birth.

O, life below—how brief, how poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh.
O, life above—how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh, to have done for aye with *dying* here!
Oh, to begin the *living* in yon sphere!

O, day of time, how dark! O sky and earth
How dull your hue!
O, day of Christ, how bright! O, sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

## THE BORDER LAND.

These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote frequently to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave, in a long and severe illness.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange dim light;
Where shadows and dreams in a spectral band,
Seem'd real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and night were mark'd by the flight,
Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
With its mountain ridges hoar,
That they look'd across to a wondrous strand,—
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turn'd me to Him, "the Crucified,"
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransom'd with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

Yet, nay: for awhile in the Border Land
He bade me with patience stay,
And gather rich fruits, with a trembling hand,
Whilst He chased its gloom away:
He had led me amid those shadows dim,
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest Trust in Him,
Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the land, the Border Land,
I have turned me to earth once more;
But earth and its works were such trifles, scann'd
By the light of that radiant shore.
And oh! should they ever possess me again,
Too deeply in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seem'd and vain,
From the heights of the Border Land.

The Border Land has depths and vales
Where sorrow for sin was known,
Where small seem'd great, as weighed in scales
Held by God's hand alone.
'Twas a land where earthly pride was naught,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,
And their bread so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land
Of all that passed below;
The once loud voices of human life,
To the deafen'd ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
And alike to its gibe or its sneer;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I met with a Friend in the Border Land,
Whose teaching can come with power,
To the blinded eye and the deafen'd ear
In Affliction's loneliest hour.

"Times of refreshing" to the soul
In languor, oft He brings;
Prepares it then to meditate
On high and glorious things.

Oh, Holy Ghost! too often grieved
In health and earthly haste,
I bless those slow and silent hours
Which seemed to run to waste;
I would not but have passed those "depths,"
And such communion known,
As can be held in the Border Land,
With Thee, and Thee alone.

I have been to a land, to a Border Land;
May oblivion never roll
O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
Have been graven on my soul!
I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand:
I can trust Him for all the future, now
I have been to a Border Land.

L. N. R.

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## THE PEARL,

### A MEDITATION ON THE SEA SHORE.

Go, find a friend! and where, oh, where,
Is found that "pearl" so pure and rare?
Not every shell, the waves of life

Cast in their lap of storm and strife,
Affords the gem to be enshrined
For ever in the constant mind.

Go, find a friend!—that ocean wide
Has forms of beauty and of pride
At once to win th' admiring eye,
Yet not in these "the pearl" doth lie;
Its rougher bed, its homelier shell,
Let the deep gulf of Ormus tell.

Go, find a friend!—in early youth,
We dream the dream of trust and truth,
In every beauteous form we see,
Look for the "pearl" confidingly:
Pursue—possess—and find there dwells
No treasure in the empty shells.

Go, find a friend!—he is not found
Always where genius sheds around
Its dazzling phosphorescent light,
Like that which streaks the seas at night,
We may not trust that fitful ray
Alone to gild life's dark long way.

Go, find a friend!—dive deep—the pearl
Floats not on ocean's rippling curl,
Not every gleam from kindly eyes,
Where kindred feeling seeming lies,
Must charm; till time and trial tell
If sorrow it can soothe as well.

Go, find a friend!—and first arise
To Him, the "ark" doth symbolize;
A friend in Jesus—who can need
Aught other than the "Friend indeed"?
His favour found, the "pearl of price"—
Make life His willing sacrifice.

There may be hours of lonely pain
Which earthly love would soothe in vain;
Nor life, nor death, have shades too deep
For Christ to watch the sufferer weep,
And gently dry each falling tear,
Saying, "Fear not! for I am here."

This Friend of friends, if thou hast tried,
For all thy need will still provide;
To Him His hidden ones are known;
Through every land His pearls are strewn;
Cast wheresoe'er thy lot may be,
Some will find fellowship with thee.

And, oh! when all these pearls are bound
Those meek once-suffering brows around
Each fitting here, in several way,
To crown Him on that glorious day.
What matter how—what matter where—
So they at last are numbered there?

## THE IVY.—CHARITY.

"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

How busily thou weav'st thy emerald vest,
Unfading climber, round the fabrics frail
Of man's uprearing; still, with ceaseless toil,
Striving to hide Time's envious ravages,
And bind together the dissolving ruin!
Thou lendest beauty to decay and death,
And throw'st a loveliness round loveless things.
Yes, I will learn from thee. My neighbour's sin
I, if I cannot cure, at least may hide;
If he want goodness, why should I want love?
He that did form me hid my sinful heart
From the keen glances of my fellow-men,
Lest they should hate me. Shall I dare to strip
My brother's bosom, so much like my own,
And hold him up to hatred or to scorn?
Shall I unveil a fellow sinner's heart
With devilish industry, his foibles tell,
And find delight in his depravity?
No,—God forgive us both; all, all have sinned,
And need, and should show, mercy; each should hide
His brother's failings, as he hopes from God
For mercy in his turn, and strive to veil
The sin-born ruin of his neighbour's soul
With the broad loving leaf of Charity.

S. W. Partridge.

## THE STONECROP.—CONTENT WITH LITTLE.

"Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

The earthless roof, the earthless roof alone,
Is thy best bed fair child of penury;
And yet thou thrivest on thy lean estate,
And bear'st thyself most joyous. Unlike some,
Thou pulest not about thy want and woe,
Nor lookest with askant and grudging eye
On better-faring neighbours. Pleased, content,
Thou enviest not thy mates their proud to-days,
Nor fear'st thine own to-morrows. Happy child,
Thine is the best philosophy, from thee
I would learn wisdom, thus to make "*I wish*,"
The glad contented servant of "*I have*,"
Knowing although my store, like thine, be scant,
My wants are scantier still. Though others boast
Their wide ancestral lands, and coffers deep,
Let me *enjoy* what many but *possess*,
And prove to Mammon's sons 'tis what we *are*,
Not what we *have*, makes happy and content.
I would be mine own riches—and my purse,
Myself, and th' uncoined treasure of my heart.
Let *what*, not *where*, be still my chief concern,
And though I be flung out from fortune's lap,
And tossed upon some bare and unsunned spot,
There I may thrive, and blossom; live to Him
Whose judgment not the mightiest may avoid,
Whose loving smile the meanest may secure.

S. W. Partridge.

## LOVE TO OUR ENEMIES.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends.
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if betokening in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it—but He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died!

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## WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.

By the fall of summer raindrops
  Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
  Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
  With a lightning flash, a Word
Bearing endless desolation
  On its blighting wings, I heard:
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
  Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered,
  Through long years again.

I have known one word hang starlike
  O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
  Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
  Hope and heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
  Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
  Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
  With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
  And its deepest depths were stirred;
Never, never more to slumber,
  Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
  Than the breath of summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled;
  And it lived for ever there.
Not the beating of its prison
  Stirred it ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
  Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
  Serpents with their venomous sting,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
  With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
  True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
  Echoes in God's skies.

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## TRIFLES.

"A GRAIN of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might;
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet meal for death.

"How often at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.

"A glance that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts nor looked, nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

"A smile of hope from those we love,
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears,
Be as the music of the spheres.

"The pressure of a gentle hand,
Worth all that glitters in the land!
Oh! trifles are not what they seem,
But oft life's ruling voice I ween.

"Seek then a conscience cleans'd from guilt,
Through the rich blood for sinners spilt;
And seek the Holy Spirit's might,
To help to walk in God's own light.

"Then *every* sin the heart will shun,
And *little* duties will be done;
And life, with all its trials prove
A sphere for thoughtful, tender love."

## SONG OF THE REDBREAST.

How wearily and drearily the long, long night hath past!
But merrily and cheerily the morning smiles at last;
And though the frost be keen, and tho' the night be long,
I know that spring will come again and sing my morning song.

No more 'mid clustering leaves, or sweet flowers opening bright,
But underneath the eaves we spend the wintry night.
Instead of branches green, waving above our head,
The icicles are seen hanging around our bed.

When leaves began to fade, and o'er the crisp ground fell,
We left the wooded glade, and haunts within the dell;
And as dark winter spread around his grey and chilly hue,
To sheltering roof and shed, in haste we closer drew.

I'm waiting till the spring with sun and falling shower,
The bursting leaves shall bring, and all the opening flowers;
And tho' the frost be keen, and tho' the night be long,
I know that spring will come again and sing my morning song.

Think not, my child, life's stream will always flow so bright,
Or pleasure's sunny beam, will never lose its light;

Think not you ne'er will see life's scene with winter bound,
Or from its brown and faded tree the leaves all dropping round.

God changes weal to woe, and sunny things makes dim,
Lest loving earth below, your heart be turned from Him;
He bids affliction lower to break your thoughtless pride,
And makes you by each wintry hour draw closer to His side.

Through pathways dark and strange, thro' sorrow and thro' gloom,
He leads you to a realm of light beyond the silent tomb;
And by each gloomy night, He sends you kindly warning,
To wait the everlasting light, and that cometh in the morning.

Oh! wait until the spring, in those unfading bowers
Its changeless bloom shall bring, and never-dying flowers;
And tho' thy pathway wend thro' ways now dark and dim,
You know your Lord is at the end, and all is light with Him.

EVANS.

## THE CUCKOO.

"Where self and pleasure are but one,
That soul is morally undone!"

F. W. Faber.

Without a home, without a nest,
No mate to call his own,
With no parental love possessed,
A creature all alone;
He tells of selfish pleasures
That loves abroad to roam;
Where the heart can have no treasure,
Because it knows no home.

This world, my child, hath many a voice
That calls to idle pleasure,
And bids the thoughtless heart rejoice
In hours of selfish leisure;
That calls to passing pleasure, seen
In outward things alone,
And not in that which dwells within,
Where peace is sought and won.

The holy peace of spirits blest,
Whose sin, and guilt forgiven,
Have learned in patient hope to rest,
Fast by the gate of Heaven;
And there is watching day and night
In longing love for Him,
Who'll open wide those portals bright,
And call His chosen in.

This world can never meet the need
  Of souls that long for bliss;
Nor can its shallow fountains feed
  A course of love like this.
And though they speak of flowerets strewn
  Across your path, ere long,
Like the hoarse cuckoo heard in June,
  They'd be a weary song.

EVANS.

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## THE PETREL.

"Are ye not much better than they?"

FAR out at sea, and slowly borne
  To lands beneath a southern sky,
A vision came of years gone by,
  And thoughts that haunt a heart forlorn:

As if my life had been a dream,
  And I, with aimless course, and blank,
A weak weed, loosened from the bank,
  And idly drifting down the stream:

As if there were no loving Eye
  To guide my feet, and watch my ways,
And I, chance wandering thro' a maze,
  Might unregarded live and die.

Behind me, I could only mark
The hopes and pleasures I had lost:
Before me, like an unknown coast,
The future loomed thro' vapours dark.

A troubled mood, not free from sin,
A murmuring at the will of God,
A voice that cried against the rod,
From an unhumbled heart within.

But so I mused, when near the ship
It chanced a lonely sea-bird flew,—
Now hovering o'er the waters blue,
It curved with frequent downward dip.

Long time I watched its wavering flight,—
Hither and thither o'er the sea
It skimmed, as if each movement free
Followed an impulse of delight.

No other living thing did move
In that wide circle's desert bound,—
The bleak sea heaving all around,
The dim dome arching vague above.

And then I thought,—"That little bird
"Hath its loved haunt at close of day,
"In some green island far away,
"Or rock, or reef which breakers gird.

"And not unguided doth it roam,—
"One Eye its every wandering knows;
"And in its heart an instinct glows,
"That guides it to its distant home.

"It hath no skill to sow nor reap,
"Yet for its daily want *He* cares,
"And its *convenient* food prepares,
"In the salt furrows of the deep.

"And wherefore doubt, oh! fearful heart!
"As if thro' all thy wanderings wide,
"He will not be thy faithful guide,
"And act a loving Father's part!

"Set not thy will with His at strife,—
"The water of the bitterest cup
"May be a fountain springing up
"Hereafter to Eternal Life."

I heard the mild admonishment,
The echo of that Voice of Power,
Which on the Mount made every flower
And bird, a preacher of content.

And straightway the remembrance bred
Within me, hope, and holy trust,—
My spirit rose out of the dust,
And worshipped, and was comforted.

J. D. Burns.

## A QUIET MIND.

"My peace I give unto you."—JOHN xiv. 27.

I HAVE a treasure which I prize,
Its like I cannot find:
Its far beyond what earth can give,
'Tis this—A quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I am stupified,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart,
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the Cross,
And there, to every kind
Of weary heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind.

The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven and earth,
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind;
But present troubles move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross
I never seek to find,
My Saviour says, "Leave that to Me,
And keep a quiet mind."

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow those
Who have this quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see my Lord,
Who's been to me so kind;
I want to thank Him face to face,
For this my quiet mind.

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"Beareth all things."

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's eye spark,
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark,
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or smothered, stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humbled pride
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains,
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

S. T. Coleridge.

## A SIMILE.

Slowly, slowly up the wall,
  Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
  Evening shadows are displayed,

Round me, o'er me, everywhere
  All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
  Wheel the swallows home in crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west,
  Paint of dusky windows red,
Darker shadows, deeper red;
  Underneath, and overhead.

Darker, darker and more wan,
  In my breast the shadows fall;
Upwards steals the life of man,
  As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
  From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of saints that die,
  Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

Longfellow.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as heaven's blue sky:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A weary labyrinth may thread,
Thro' dark ways underground be led.

Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this;
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego.

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

TRENCH.

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## THE RACE.

"O Lord, raise up, we pray Thee, and come among us, and with great might succour us; that whereas through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, Thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us."

RAISE up Thy power we pray Thee, Lord,
And come among us now,
And succour us, the tempted ones,
'Neath our sins' weight who bow:
For we are let and hindered sore
In our appointed race,
A close-wrapped garment folds us round,
A veil is on our face.

Help, help us, Lord, take speedily
This clinging garb away,
And wash us clean in Thy pure fount,
Beneath the light of day:

And pour on us Thy holy oil,
  Thy sweet soul-healing balm;
So we may run the race right well,
  And win the victor's palm.

Then Thou, our Judge, wilt crown our brow
  With an unfading wreath,
And we shall give Thee glory then,
  Thy rainbowed throne beneath:
And drink with Thee the wine of heaven
  The joy of all the blest,
And serve Thee truly day and night
  In working as in rest.

Thou wert the first this race to run—
  It was a thorny path,
And many a stone of stumbling set
  Man's sin and Satan's wrath:
But Thou didst gather up the thorns
  And bind them on Thy brow,
And give Thy Gospel's peace to keep
  *Our* feet from stumbling low.

We run the race the prize to win,
  O let our hearts be pure,
And strong, when Thou hast turned them tow'rd
  The mansions that endure;
So shall our sin's weight more and more
  Be lightened every day,
Though long it cling and close it fold,
  At length it falls away.

M. G. T.

## CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

God from His throne above the skies
This darkling orb surveys:
And bids the sun in glory rise
To cheer a guilty race.

Alike to court, and lowly glen,
Alike to friend and foe,
Freely for all the sons of men,
His daily bounties flow.

Nor rich with mercies less divine,
Immanuel's Holy Name,
When Heir and Lord of Judah's line,
The Great Deliverer came.

No bounded love, no partial grace,
The Heavenly Heralds sung,
They told of joy, to every race,
Of praise to every tongue.

For wide as ocean ranges round,
And far as winds can rove,
From Salem swelled the solemn sound
Of Pardon, Peace, and Love.

Oh, then while winged to heaven in prayer,
Our grateful accents flow,
For all the gifts we freely share,
And all the hopes we know;

Be ours the joy with ready zeal
To hail a Father's will,
The love, a Saviour felt, to feel,
The work He wrought, fulfil.

So through the earth shall mercy reign,
And God by mercy won,
Receive His long-lost world again,
The Kingdom of His Son.

BOWDLER.

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## THE UNNAMED WOMEN.

THE hand that might have drawn aside
The veil, which from unloving sight
Those shrinking forms avails to hide,
With tender care has wrapt it tight.

He would not have the sullied name,
Once fondly spoken in a home,
A mark for strangers' righteous blame,
Branded through every age to come.

And thus we only speak of them
As those on whom His mercies meet,
"She whom the Lord would not condemn,"
And, "She who bathed with tears His feet."

Trusted to no evangelist,
  First heard where sins no more defile,
Read from the Book of Life by Christ,
  And consecrated by His smile.

*From "The Three Waking ."*

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## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small;
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree
  Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough,—enough—
  For every want of ours;
For medicine, luxury, and toil,
  And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall;
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore,—wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passeth by.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him.

*From "The Three Wakings."*

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## THE STRANGER.

"And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

The stranger's heart, oh! wound it not,
A yearning language is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low-rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone,
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts opprest,
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may bend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim,
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,
The voices of thy kindred band,—
Oh! midst all these, while blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

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From "Christ's Triumph after Death."

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that, before they were invested thus,
In earthly bodies, carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs enjoying,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady makes pale their face,
No age drops on their hair his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life deflowers,
No wasteful sleep their precious time devours,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their white-robed bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain:
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again:
Where all are rich and yet no gold they owe:
And all are kings and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are passed.

* * * * *

And in the midst of this Celestial City,
Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
Lightened the Vision Beatific:
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

GILES FLETCHER.

"With the lowly is wisdom."

How much that genius boasts as hers,
And fancies her's alone,
On you, meek Spirits, faith confers!
The proud have further gone,
Perhaps through life's deep maze, but you
Alone possess the labyrinth's clue.

To you the costliest spoils of thought,
Wisdom, unclaimed, yields up;
To you the far-sought pearl is brought,
And melted in your cup:
To you her nard and myrrh she brings,
Like orient gifts to infant kings.

The single eye alone can see
All truths around us thrown,
In their eternal unity:
The humble ear alone
Has room to hold, and time to prize,
The sweetness of life's harmonies.

AUBERY DE VERE.

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## VANITY OF THE WORLD.

"Surely every man walketh in a vain shew."

NAY, 'tis not as we fancied, this magic world of ours,
We thought its skies were only blue, its fields all sun and flowers,

Its streams all summer bright and glad, its seas all smiles and calms,
Its path from youth to age, one long green avenue of palms;

But clouds came up with gloom and shade, our sky was overcast;
The hot mist threw its blight around, sunshine and flowers went past;
Hopes perished, that had hung like wreaths around youth's buoyant brow;
And joys like withered autumn leaves, dropped from the shaken bough.

Yet from these clouds comes forth the light—light beaming from on high;
And from these faded flowers spring up, the flowers that cannot die!
Far fairer is the land we seek: a land without a tomb:
An everlasting resting-place, a sure and quiet home.

Far sunnier than the hills of Time, are its Eternal hills;
Far fresher than the rills of Earth, are its Eternal rills.
No blight can fall upon its flowers, no darkness fill its air;
It has a day for ever bright, for Christ its Sun is there.

O Sun of love and peace, arise; Thy light upon us beam;
For all this life is but a sleep, and all this world a dream.

H. Bonar.

## A STARLESS CROWN.

"And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

If grief in heaven might find a place,
And shame, the worshippers bow down,
Who meet the Saviour face to face,
'Twould be to wear a starless crown;

Nor find in all that countless host
We meet before th' Eternal Throne,
Who once like us were sinners lost,
Any to say we led them home.

The Son, to do His Father's will,
Could lay his own bright crown aside,
The law's stern mandate to fulfil,
Pour'd out his blood for us, and died!

Shall we, who know His wondrous love
While here below, sit idly down?
Ah! then,—if we reach heaven above,
'Twill be to wear a starless crown.

O may it ne'er of me be said,
No soul that's saved by grace divine,
Has called for blessings on my head,
Or linked its destiny with mine.

## THE FATAL DECISION.

"Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

She has chosen the world and its paltry crowd;
She has chosen the world and an endless shroud;
She hath chosen the world with its mis-named pleasures,
She has chosen the world, before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat on life's giddy sea,
And her all is afloat for eternity;
But Bethlehem's star is not in her view,
And her aim is far from the harbour true.

When the storm descends from an angry sky,
Ah! where from the winds shall the vessel fly?
When stars are concealed and rudder gone,
And heaven is sealed to the wandering one.

The whirlpool opes for the gallant prize;
And with all her hopes to the deep she hies!
But who may tell of the place of woe,
Where the wicked dwell, where the worldlings go.

For the human heart can ne'er conceive,
What joys are the part of them that believe;
Nor can justly think of the cup of death,
Which all must drink who despise the faith.

Away then, oh ! fly from the joys of earth !
Her smile is a lie, there's a sting in her mirth ;
Come, leave the dreams of this transient night,
And bask in the beams of an endless light.

Mc Cheyne.

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" He respecteth not the persons of men."

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here ! Here is no boon
For high—yet not for low : for proudly graced—
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughtiest palace. He whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

Wordsworth.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

*By* John Prince.—*(A working weaver.)*

I.

Little Ella! fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine,
Earthly cherub coming nearest
To my dreams of shapes divine.

Her brief absence noted, pains me,
Her bright presence solace brings,
Her spontaneous love restrains me
From a thousand selfish things.

II.

Little Ella moveth lightly
Like a graceful fawn at play,
Like a brooklet running brightly,
In the genial smile of May.

Like a breeze upon the meadows
All besprent with early flowers;
Like a bird 'mid sylvan shadows,
In the golden summer bowers.

III.

You should see her, when with nature
She goes forth to think or play,
Every limb and every feature
Drinking in the joy of day.

Stooping oft 'mid floral splendor,
Snatching colours and perfumes;
She doth seem so fair and tender,
Born of spring's unfolding blooms.

IV.

Sweet thought sitteth like a garland
On her placid brows and eyes,—
Eyes that seem a far-off land
Through the intervening skies.

And she seems to listen often
To some voice above the spheres,
Whilst her earnest features soften
Into calmness kin to tears.

V.

Not all mirthful is her manner,
Though no laugh so blithe as hers;
Grave demeanour comes upon her,
When her inmost nature stirs;

When a gentle lip reproves her,
All her gladsome graces flee;
But the word—*forgiveness*, moves her
With new joy, and sets her free.

VI.

Should a shade of sickness near me,
Then she takes a holier grace;
Comes to strengthen and to cheer me,
With her awful light of face.

Up the stair I hear her coming,
Duly at the morning hour,
Sweetly singing,—softly humming
Like a bee about a flower.

VII.

The One Book wakes extatic feelings
In her undeveloped mind,
Holier thoughts, whose high revealings
Teach her love for human kind.

Music thrills her with a fervour
Like the songs of Seraphim ;
May bright spirits teach and train her,
To partake the Lamb's pure hymn.

VIII.

God of heaven ! in Thy good seeming
Spare this darling child to me,
Spare me this unsullied being
Till she bring me close to Thee.

Holy Spirit ! bless her, mould her,
Into goodness clothed with grace ;
That on high I may behold her
Walking with Thee face to face !

## THE REWARD OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

Remove the stone from Thy compassion's spring
And let the water for the pilgrim flow,
Of the world's waste, the sons of want and woe!
Though their afflicted frame affliction wring:
And hunger, thirst and nakedness, the sting
Of sharp disease and bitter bonds they know;
They are the brethren, He to call them so
Vouchsafes,—the brethren of thy Lord and King.
A day shall come when thou before His throne
Those sons of woe with lively thoughts must see
Of joy, or anguish.—Then shall far be shewn
The alms in secret done; and publicly
A voice proclaim, "Each act of mercy done
To these My brethren, has been done to Me."

Mant.

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## THE ABBOT TURNED ANCHORITE.

"Charity hopeth all things."

Under A.D. 1331, in Chronicon Butley, is the following passage. "John Grene relinquishing his *abbacie* by choice, was consecrated an *anchorite*, at the Chapel of St. Mary, in the old Monastery near the sea."

A most impressive change it must,
Methinks to such an one have been,
To abdicate the abbot's trust,
And seek this solitary scene.

It might not *then* seem so forlorn
As now this crumbling wreck appears;
But more within the common bourne
Of human hopes and human fears.

Yet to resign the ampler sway
Of yon fair Abbey's outstretched lands,
For this small cell, this silent bay,
And barren beach of drifted sands.

Such a transition must suggest
Whether thou wert or not sincere,
To thought and feeling many a test,
At once protracted severe.

It might be spleen, it might be pride,
Or monkish bigotry's stern voice
Which bade thee on this step decide;
If so, who must not mourn thy choice!

That choice might have a nobler source,
And from far holier motives spring,
Which bearing blessings in their course,
Might prove a pleasing offering.

Thou might'st have proved how little all
Religion's outward pomp and power
The soul from earth can disenthral,
And fit it for its parting hour.

And having thus been taught to trace
Snares in the path thy feet have trod,
Thou sought'st this solitary place
Here to prepare to meet thy God.

I love to think it thus might be,
For e'en the very thought appears,
To shed upon this spot and thee
A charm my inmost soul reveres.

For tho' the act which gave it birth,
Viewed in itself I may not prize,
My spirit feels and owns the worth
Of self-devoting sacrifice.

I love to trace the latent good,
Which dwells in widely differing creeds,
Which still in thought's divinest mood,
With every purer votary pleads.

I love to think that while thine own
Held much by mine rejected; still,
The tried, the precious Corner Stone,
Of each was brought from Calvary's hill.

Thine may a prouder dome have built,
A humbler tabernacle mine;
To *both* the blood which there was spilt,
Alone could sanctify the shrine.

'Tis soothing thus to feel and think,
Musing upon this spot, and thee;
And fancy on the grave's dread brink,
That such thy feelings' thoughts might be.

That here through many a lonely day,
And many a solitary night,
Thy life and converse might display
The truly Christian Anchorite.

Thy matins—many a tuneful strain,
From gladsome nature's feather'd throng
The hoarser music of the main,
Thy still more solemn vesper-song.

Thus fancy paints thy parting years,
Their close a calm and hopeful scene,
And thee bewailed by peasant's tears,
A follower of the NAZARENE.

B. BARTON.

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## COWPER'S GRAVE.

IT is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying,—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying;—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gives her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!

O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while you were smiling!

And now what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory.
And how when one by one, sweet sounds
And wand'ring lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration.
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken.

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him;
Who suffered once the madness cloud
Towards His love, to blind him,
But gently led the blind along,
Where breeze and bird could find him.

The very world by God's constraint,
From falsehoods chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside Him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came, without
The sweet sense of providing.
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy-desolated,—
Nor man nor nature satisfy,
Whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long
fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death
to save him !

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth could image
that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round
him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour!
not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in
darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face no love was manifested!
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*
should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence
rather;
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous
Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry, His universe
hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am for-
saken!"

It went up from the Holy's Lips amid His lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation;
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

E. B. Browning.

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## THE CROWN.

Thou shalt be crowned, O mother blest,
Our hearts behold thee crown'd e'en now;
The crown of motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

Thou shalt be crown'd, more fragrant bays
Than ever poets brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First singer of the church, are thine.

Thou shalt be crowned. All earth and heaven
Thy coronation pomp shall see;
The Hand by which Thy crown is given
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

Thou shalt be crown'd, but not a queen;
A better triumph ends thy strife;
Heaven's bridal raiment, white and clean,
The victor's crown of fadeless life.

Thou shalt be crown'd, but not alone,
No lonely pomp shall weigh thee down;
Crown'd with the myriads round His throne,
And casting at His feet thy crown.

*From "The Three Wakings."*

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"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I KISS thy brow, I smooth thy hair
Dearest, thy soul is bowed in grief;
I can but say I love thee well,
I cannot bring the least relief.

Thy tears fall fast upon thy hands,
Thy heart is full, thou canst not speak;
I can but say I love thee well,
My love is strong, but I am weak.

Yes I am weak, but love is strong,
The strongest love is God's above,
It must be stronger far than mine,
And He is strong as is his love.

Hast thou not read He wipes away
All tears from eyes before His throne,
From eyes of those who wait, "*white robed*,"
Trusting their bliss to Him alone?

Dearest, when His all-loving Hand
Shall touch thy brow and make it bright,
Healing thy grief, the fount of tears
Strengthening thine eyes to see His light.

Wilt thou *then* wish thou hadst not shed
These tears that now will have their way,
When they will be thy plea, to claim
That *touch* to wipe them all away?

O better far, we know it is,
To be *thus* healed, than ne'er to weep;
Better to *feel* that tender Hand,
Than e'en glad watch for aye to keep.

Better to be the child that holds
His father's garments in his fear,
Than serve that lord, a trusty knight,
Singing a war note loud and clear.

Then raise thy head, thy tearful eyes,
And look into these eyes of mine,
Thou findest them all full of love,
But greater is the Love Divine.

*Translated by* M. G. T. *from the German.*

## "ABSOLVO TE."

"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

One Priest alone can pardon me,
Or bid me "Go in peace";
Can breathe that word, "Absolvo Te,"
And make these heart-throbs cease:
My soul has heard His priestly voice;
It said, "I bore thy sins—Rejoice!"

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm;
Said, "Look on Me, the Crucified;
Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is Mine—I set thee free—
Be not afraid—'Absolvo Te.'"

In chains of sin once tied and bound,
I walk in life and light;
Each spot I tread is hallowed ground,
Whilst Him I keep in sight,
Who died a victim on the tree,
That He might say, "Absolvo Te."

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled,
Cleansed by the water from His side,
God sees me as a child:
No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
No other say, "Absolvo Te."

He robed me in a priestly dress,
That I might incense bring,
Of prayer and praise and righteousness,
To heaven's Eternal King:
And when He gave this robe to me,
He smiled and said, "Absolvo Te."

In heaven He stands before the throne,
The great High Priest above,
"Melchisedec,"—that name alone
Can sin's dark stain remove:
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "Absolvo Te."

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring,
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the Priestly King:
Would win all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear Him say, "Absolvo Te."

A little while and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home;
O bliss supreme, Divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said, "Absolvo Te."

"Out of the eater came forth meat,"

*I* NEVER heard
Reported slander, but there was *some* word,
Some stray expression, like a well-aimed dart,
Which found a rightful home within my heart.
If I deserved it not from him who spoke,
I did from some one else; and it awoke
Soft thoughts and kind regrets, such as belong
In compensation unto those we wrong.
If *now* unmerited, it was not so
In younger days, or some few years ago;
And it is well to have our sinful past
Upon our notice somewhat roughly cast
In bitter admonitions: Providence
By these revenges would prolong the sense
Of self-abasement, and the cleansing grief
Which in young hearts is wont to be too brief.
It is true health which Christian spirits win
From out the abiding shame of early sin.

F. W. FABER.

# Meeting and Parting.

# Meeting and Parting.

## I GO TO LIFE.

I GO to life and not to death,
From darkness to light's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain,
To health and immortality.

Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since *I* bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure,
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel fair;
From the pale leanness of this flesh,
To beauty such as saints shall wear.

I go from chains to liberty,
These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields,
I walk beneath a glorious noon.

For toil there comes the crowned rest,
Instead of burdens,—eagle's wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at Everlasting Springs.

God lives!—Who says that I must die?
I cannot while Jehovah liveth!
Christ lives! I cannot die, but live,
He, life to me for ever giveth.

Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since *I* bid farewell to tears;
Write the day of my departure,
Festive in your coming years.

J. B. Monsell.

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## THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

Sweet when friends their joys impart;
Thoughts to thoughts responsive start;
Soul to soul and heart to heart,
Thus they meet.

Yet when sev'ring fate denies,
Mutual looks and answering eyes,
They who own a Christian's ties,
Still may meet.

When the house of prayer they seek,
When the words of promise speak,
Comfort to the faint and weak,
Then they meet.

When the heart's affections move,
Borne on wings of joy and love,
To their resting-place above,
Then they meet.

When the word of life is read,
When their hearts are comforted,
And with heav'nly manna fed,
Then they meet.

When their pilgrim path is past,
Sin and death behind them cast,
In their Father's house at last,
There they meet.

J. A. Elliot.

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## THE MEETING PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade:
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the starbeams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood or wave or hill:
Where the moon shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
  Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
  And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed;
  Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
  Heavy noontide—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
  And the mother finds her child,
Where dear families are gathered,
  That were scattered on the wild.
    Brother, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed,
  Where the blighted life reblooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
  Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
  On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
  In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving
  As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
  Loving once and evermore.
    Brother, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
  Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
  Shed its healing splendour here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
  Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer fairer Eden,
  Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
  Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
  Claim and wear the holy crown,
    Brother, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest.

H. Bonar.

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## MY GOD! I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

"Mein Gott! ich weiss wohl dass ich sterbe."

"As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down and riseth not."

My God! I know that I must die,
  My mortal life is passing hence;
On earth I neither hope nor try
  To find a lasting residence;
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God! I know not *when* I die,
What is the moment or the hour,
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower;
Then may Thy child prepared be
Through time to meet Eternity.

My God! I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come,
In dark mysterious agony,
Or gently as in sleep to some;
Just as Thou wilt! if but I be
For ever blessed, Lord, with Thee.

My God! I know not *where* I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand,
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by Thy hand;
Content I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

My gracious God! when I must die,
Oh, bear my happy soul above,
With Christ my Lord, eternally
To share Thy glory and Thy love!
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.

B. Schmolk.

*(Hymns from the Land of Luther.)*

## QUIS SEPARABIT.

'Tis thus they press the hand and part,
Thus have they bid farewell again;
Yet still they commune heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain.

Still one in life and one in death,
One in their hope of rest above;
One in their joy, their trust, their faith,—
One in each other's faithful love.

Yet must they part, and parting weep,
What else has earth for them in store?
These farewell pangs how sharp, how deep,
These farewell words how sad and sore.

Yet shall they meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid their gladness cease,
And none their fellowship destroy.

Where none shall beckon them away,
Nor bid their festival be done;
Their meeting time the eternal day,
Their meeting place the eternal throne.

There hand in hand firm linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all;
They'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why they wept at all.

Then let them press the hand and part
  The dearly loved, the fondly loving;
Still one in spirit and in heart,
  The undivided, unremoving.

H. Bonar.

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## PARTING.

"What mean ye to weep and to break my heart."

Was macht ihr, dass ihr weinet.

What mean ye by this weeping,
  To break my bleeding heart?
As if the love that binds us
  Could alter or depart!
Our sweet and holy union
  Knows neither time nor place,
The love that God has planted
  Is lasting as His grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting
  As if no hope would be,
While still we stand for ever
  In blissful unity.

Ye gaze as on a vision
  Ye never could recall,
While still each thought is with you,
  And Jesus with us all.

Ye say,—we here, thou yonder,
  Thou goest, and we stay,
And yet Christ's mystic body
  Is one eternally.
Ye speak of different journies,
  A long and sad adieu,
While still one way I travel,
  And have one way with you.

Why should ye now be weeping
  These agonizing tears,
Behold our gracious Leader,
  And cast away your fears.
We tread one path to glory,
  Are guided by one hand,
And led in faith and patience
  Unto one fatherland.

Then let the hour of parting
  No bitter grief recall,
But be an hour of union,
  More blessed with our Lord.
With Him to guide and save us,
  No changes that await,
No earthly separations,
  Can leave us desolate.

SPITTA.

*(Hymns from the Land of Luther.)*

## THE LONG GOODNIGHT.

"Having a desire to part, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom
From earthly bonds and fears:
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit,—
Goodnight till then!

Go to thy quiet resting
Poor tenement of clay!
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away:
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal,—
Goodnight till then!

Why thus so sadly weeping
Belov'd ones of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now He bids us part.
Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us,—
Goodnight till then!

I go to see His glory
Whom we have loved below;
I go the blessed angels
The holy saints to know:
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us,—
Goodnight till then!

I hear the Saviour calling,
The joyful hour has come,
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home:
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit,—
Goodnight till then!

*(Hymns from the Land of Luther.)*

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## THE DAY OF DEATH!!

Thou inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
"Thou must rise and come away;

All thine other journies past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright.

Art Thou distant, art Thou near?
Wilt Thou seem more dark or clear?
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt Thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard Thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some lov'd lap, round my bed
Prayers be made, and tears be shed?

Or, at distance from my own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave
From which parting it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved ones gone before
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death like slumber o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free with toil and pain,
From its half divided chain?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow?

Come when or how, my latest sigh,
Only Jesus stand Thou by,
When that last sleep shall seal my eye.

TRENCH.

---

"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

WE sadly watched the close of all
Life balanced on a breath;
We saw upon his features fall
The awful shade of death.

All dark and desolate we were,
And murmuring nature cried,
"O surely, Lord, hadst Thou been here,
Our brother had not died!"

But when its glance the memory cast
On all that grace had done,—
And thought of lifelong warfare passed,
And endless victory won,—
Then Faith, prevailing, wiped the tear,
And looking upward, cried,
"O Lord, Thou surely hast been here,—
Our brother has not died!"

J. D. Burns.

---

## TO A FRIEND DEPARTED.

The memory of thy truth to me
My heart will ne'er resign,
Until, beloved! mine shall be
As cold a bed as thine.
High o'er my path of life it will
Hang ever as a star,
To cheer my steps toward the hill
Where souls immortal are.

The lesson of thy gentle life
Thy trials meekly borne,
Will keep me hopeful in the strife,
When fainting and outworn;

Then,—for a darker hour remains—
The memory of the faith
That triumphed over mortals pains,
And calmly fronted death.

I once had hoped, that, side by side,
Our journey we might go,
And with a perfect love divide,
Our gladness and our woe ;
But thou hast reached thy Father's home,
And happier thou art there
Than I, left wearily to roam
Through days of grief and care.

Though all is changed since thou art gone,
I would not wish thee here,
For rather would I weep alone
Than see thee shed a tear ;
The thought of thy great happiness
Is now a part of mine ;
Nor would I wish my sorrow less
To see that sorrow thine.

J. D. Burns.

---

"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We bless Thee for the quiet sleep Thy servant taketh now,
We bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow ;

For every weary step he took in patient following
Thee,
And for the good fight fought so well, and closed right
valiantly.

---

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf upon thy breast,
And we seal thy narrow bed.
And thy spirit brother soars away
Among the faithful blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

---

## A REQUIEM.

THOU art free from pain,—and sorrow
Like a cloud from thee hath passed;
And the day that knows no morrow
Hath arisen on thee at last.
The fair seal of life for ever
Glitters clear upon thy brow;
And the sound of the dark river
Hath no terror to thee now.

Sore we wept when we were taking
Our long farewell look at thee;
But around thee light was breaking,
Which no eye but thine might see;

On thine ear a voice was falling,
  Which to our ear might not come,
'Twas the voice of Jesus calling
  His beloved to her home!

In the snow-white linen vested,
  Thou art sitting at the feast,
And thy head is sweetly rested
  On the Saviour's loving breast.
Thou hast heard the saints all singing,
  Thou hast also waved the palm,
While the golden harps were ringing
  In the pauses of the psalm.

Thou hast walked the pathways golden,
  Where the faithful walk in white,—
With undazzled eyes beholden
  The fair city's jaspar light.
Thou art safe there from all evil,—
  Where no hurtful thing may be;
O'er the world, the flesh, the devil,
  Thou hast gained a victory!

Wherefore we do not bewail thee,
  But will press the faster on,
Till we meet thee, till we hail thee,
  In the land where thou art gone:
Where the crystal river floweth,
  For the comfort of the blest,
And the tree of healing throweth
  Its broad shadow o'er their rest.

J. D. Burns.

# Home.

"Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted."

# Home.

## OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.

I MET a fair young child, whose golden hair
Around her sunny face in clusters hung;
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung
Her household melodies—those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child
Art thou—" I said, "sweet girl?" In accent mild
She answered, "Mother's." When I questioned, "Where
Her dwelling was,"—again she answered, "Home,"
Mother! and Home! O blessed ignorance!
Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance
Farther than this shall all the years to come
With all their lore effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note,—"Father," and "Heaven."

---

## THE CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

"And they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us."

O, HAPPY home! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcom'd honour'd Guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place;

Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
  Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
  Where all are waiting on their Lord.

Oh, happy house! where two are one in heart,
  In faith and hope are one,
Whom death can only for a little part
  Not end the union here begun;
Who share together one salvation,
  Who would be with Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
  In happy or in evil days.

Oh, happy house! whose little ones are given
  Early to Thee in faith and prayer—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of Heaven
  Guards them with more than mother's care.

Oh, happy house! where little voices
  Their glad hosannahs love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
  To bring new songs of love and praise.

Oh, happy house! and happy servitude!
  Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty in thy strength pursued,
  Is never hard nor toilsome known.
Where each one serves Thee meek and lowly,
  Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
  When they are done as unto Thee.

Oh, happy house! where Thou art not forgot,
When joy is flowing full and free;
Oh, happy house! where every wound is brought
Physician, Comforter, to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's-work ended,
All meet Thee in that Home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

---

## SONG OF THE GOLDFINCH.

I SING to my mate on her mossy nest
Beneath the chesnut spray;
And I strive to gladden her anxious breast
With my merry and simple lay:
For she feels no fear
When I am near,
And oh! as each soothing note I try,
How soft is the glance of her hazel eye.

And I sing to Him in my thankful mirth
Who blesses me with life and voice,
And sent me to fly o'er the teeming earth,
And in its fruits rejoice:
Whose hand is nigh
Where'er I fly,
Holding me up as the pinion light
Beats the soft air in its feeble flight.

In the warm nest as I naked lay,
He clothed my callow breast,
And in a cap of scarlet gay
My downy head He dressed.
On my wings He rolled
A bar of gold,
And He sent me forth when all was done,
With my glittering vest in the summer sun.

I fled far and wide, rejoicing and free,
With my food all scattered around,
From the seed that grows on the lofty tree,
To the weed upon the ground.
For the tall firs cone,
And the thistle down,
And the groundsel mean with its feathered seed,
All wait in their turn to supply my need.

Thus merry within the chesnut grove
To Him my voice I raise ;
And full in the depths of its thankful tone,
My heart beats forth in praise.
Through the dark night
I am in His sight,
And all day long is His love display'd
O'er the tiny bird His Hand hath made.

There is One that watches for you, my child,
As stretched in sleep you lie,
And follows by day your motions wild,
With love's unwearied eye.

O soothe her care,
For a daily prayer
Goes up from that anxious mother's breast,
That thou, the child of her love be blest.

And oh! there is *One* that dwells above,
Beyond all sight and thought,
Who gave to that mother her ceaseless love,
And in her bosom wrought
An image true,
Where thou may'st view
The type of a love, no time can strain,
Clasping thee round with a viewless chain.

With love far stronger than mothers know,
Child of a fallen race,
Like a callow bird He would bind thee now
In the garments of His grace.
Upon thy breast
Faith's mailed vest
His hand would bind, and around thy waist
With the girdle of Truth He would have thee braced.

He would place a helmet on thy head
Than brass and steel more strong,
The hope of the Cross with His life-blood red,
Salvation sure and long.
On the pinions bright
Of His Spirit's Might,
He would bear thee up, that thou may'st fly
To the Home He has promised beyond the sky.

Thy meat it must be His will to do,
And lowly though it be,
'Tis sweeter far than the fruits that grow
On pleasure's loftiest tree.
For oh! what meat
Is half so sweet
As his Father's will to the childlike heart,
Of him who has chosen the better part.

EVANS.

---

## DE GLORIA ET GAUDIIS PARADISI.

THERE no waxing moon, nor waning,
Sun, nor stars in courses bright:
For the Lamb to that glad City
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time, and night.

For the saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure:
Crown'd in triumph's flushing honours,
Joy, in unison secure:
And, in safety, tell their battles
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done:
For the flesh made spiritual,
And the soul, agree in one:
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed, is all decay:
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

Christ,—Thy soldiers' palm of honour,
Unto this Thy City free;
Lead me, where my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me:
A partaker in Thy bounty,
With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me courage, while I labour
In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
Grant me everlasting rest;
And I may at length inherit:
Thee my portion ever blest.

Mediæval Hymn.
*By* Peter Damian, *translated by* Mr. Wackerbarth.

## A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Ah! why you'll ask should youth decay?
Why fade the new-born flowers,
That strew the path of life's brief day,
In childhood's happy hours?
And why should friends cut off so soon,
Like falling leaves around us strewn,
So sadly warn us, that though life be dear,
And sweet the ties it weaves we cannot linger here?

'Tis hard you say to leave our home,
And all its pleasant rest,
Sweet thoughts of years of joy to come,
With those that we love best;
Then see them fade, and die away,
Like leaves that wither on the spray;
While sorrow's lengthening nights their shadows cast,
And tell us all too soon that life's brief summer's past.

But oh! my child, you must not say
'Tis hard the flowers should die;
That joys which strewed your happy way,
Should make them wings and fly;
It is not hard that ties should break,
Which, were they given to last, would make
Your sojourn here too soft, and bind you down
To scenes that dying man can never call his own.

Soft is the smile on pleasure's brow,
And soft her pleasant voice,
And her bright moments as they flow,
Make the young heart rejoice;
But like to Sorek's treacherous maid,
Who in her beauty's power betrayed
The warrior she caress'd;—when pleasure smiles
And casts her fondest look; 'tis then she most beguiles.

Then mourn not dying pleasure's fate,
For this is not your home,
But like the patriarchs you wait
A country yet to come;
A land of glory now unseen,
With everlasting verdure green.

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## THE CITY OF GOD.

"This beautiful Hymn (so well rendered by the Reverend C. Neale) forms part of a long poem consisting of some hundred stanzas, written by an Abbot of Clugney in the 12th century. A few verses of it, translated by Dickson, the Scotch reformer, beginning, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' have long been favourites and found their way into most collections of hymns. It is cheering to think that what an Abbot wrote by the dim light of the middle ages should have solaced a Scotch reformer, and is still prized as a treasure by the Church of Christ, and fitted for the daily comfort of the believer when the dark cloud of error has given way to clearer Gospel light. We have only to wish that more of the spirit of love and worship which this noble poem breathes were ours in these days of greater light and louder profession."

To thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep,
For very love beholding
Thy happy name they weep.

The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

Oh happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of jubilee.

And the sun-lit land that recks not
Of tempest or of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision,
Shall glad the saints around.

And peace,—for war is needless,
And rest,—for storm is past;
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.

There God my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face,

That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high;
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky.

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

O one and only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

Beside Thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop on the wall.

With jaspers glow Thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz,
Unite in Thee their rays.

Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no night, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And Thine the golden dower.

They stand those halls of Sion
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem, the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
Oh dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect.

Even now by faith, I see thee,
  Even here thy walls discern,
For thee my thoughts are kindled,
  And strive and pant and yearn.

Jerusalem, the only,
  That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
  In me is all my woe.

---

## THE WORLD NOT THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Earth is no Home of thine! A pilgrim thou
Art journeying onward to thine own abode,
Thy proper resting-place. The inn, the road,
Each common traveller's haunts, thy sojourn now,
And now another's, these wilt thou allow
The love to challenge to thy homestead ow'd?
There shall thy heart be set, thy care bestowed,
Scope of thy morning toil, thy evening vow?
God hath proclaimed man's dwelling-place above,
That man his thoughts may elevate to high
And holy things, which no corruption prove
Fit for immortal souls. Beyond the sky
Thy home is fix'd; thereon be fix'd thy love,
Nor seek from earth what earth can ne'er supply.

Mant.

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## SONG OF THE SOJOURNER.

" Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden."

" I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
*Here* I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and opprest,
But *there* my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

I've met with storms and dangers,
Even from my early years,
With enemies and conflicts,
With fightings and with fears.
There's nothing here that tempts me
To wish a longer stay,
So I must hasten forwards,
No halting or delay.

It is a well-worn pathway,—
Many have gone before,
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore.
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith:
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death!

Who would share Abraham's blessing
Must Abraham's path pursue,
A stranger and a pilgrim,
Like him must journey through.
The foes must be encountered,
The dangers must be passed;
Only a faithful soldier
Receives the crown at last.

So I must hasten forwards,
Thank God the end will come;
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home.
*That* evermore abideth
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be!
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

There I shall dwell for ever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children
In everlasting rest.

The pilgrim toils forgotten,
  The pilgrim conflicts o'er ;
All earthly griefs behind us,
  Eternal joys before !

PAUL GERHARD.

## HERE AND THERE.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Was kein Ange hat geschen."

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
  What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
  In its noblest flights conferred,—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim land
  Fades before my closing eye,
Then reveal'd on either hand
  Heaven's own scenery shall lie :
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes calmly bright,
  Life's pure river murmuring low,
Forms of loveliness and light,
  Lost to earth long time ago.
Yes, mine own, lamented long,
Shine amid the angel throng !

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here,
Hill and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, Affection's tear;
These were shadows, sent in love
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel-harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet creation's travail groans,
Ever sadly sigh'd through all;
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there.

When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest,
Shall my spirit upward soar.
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often comes to soothe my breast;
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss was here unknown,
Which shall there be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

LANGE.

*From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

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## THE TRUE HOME.

O'ER many a weary mile,
And lonesome way, my child, must roam,
Far from the welcome smile
Of her own happy home.
Through many a scene
Of brighter green;
Yet oft she'll wish, she had the swallow's wing,
Back to the one loved spot her longing soul to bring.

It is not that my child doth dwell
In high and spacious halls,
For home is loved as well,
Tho' mean and narrow be its walls.
Sweet to the poor
Their lowly door,
And glad are they to reach the wicket-gate,
As proudest lord who comes back to his halls of state.

Yet home itself is pain,
And all its sweetness gone,
If e'er love's silver chain
That binds it be undone.
Or should dark sin
Come rushing in,
And like a hawk with its dread talons scare,
Each pure and holy grace that long had settled there.

Or should earthly homes be sweet,
Their chain of love ne'er break,
Yet many an empty seat
Will death and sorrow make;
As each loved face
That lent its grace
To that glad board, shall fade away,
Like flowers that wither fast in Autumn's shortening day.

There is but one sure home
Where peace is ever found;
Whose links where'er you roam
Can never be unbound.
It is the rest
Of spirits blest,
When from the world they turn in Him to dwell,
Whose holy peace alone its bitter strife can quell.

Seek then that home of peace!
Its charms how pure they shine!
Its love shall never cease,
No death its links untwine.

Oh! make your nest
On His true breast,
Whose love will light this dark and dreary way,
And still shine more and more unto the perfect day.

---

## GOING HOME.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope."

"Unser Lieben sind geschieden."

Our beloved have departed
While we tarry broken-hearted,
In the dreary empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious!

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly;
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found,—
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast to meet for ever
On more holy, happy ground?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,
Thoughts to buried loves returning,
Time is hasting us along,

Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,
Upward to the fountain welling,
With eternal life and song!

See ye not the breezes hying?
Clouds along in hurry flying?
But we haste more swiftly on,—
Ever changing our position,
Ever tossed in strange transition,—
Here to-day, to-morrow gone!

Every hour that passes o'er us,
Speaks of comfort yet before us,
Of our journey's rapid rate,
And like passing vesper bells,
The clock of Time its chiming tells,
At Eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon, and met for ever?
Glorious Hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah, the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home.
Comrades, who await our landing,
Friends, who round the throne are standing,
We salute you, and we come!

LANGE.

*From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

"I have a desire to depart and be with Christ."

*From the German of* ARNDT.

Go! and let my grave be made—
Tired and weary now with straying,
Farewell to the earth I've said,
Heaven's call to peace obeying:
Calls me now the happy rest
Of the angels ever blest.

Go! and let my grave be made,
Since my days are now expended;
Let the pilgrim's staff be laid
Where all earthly things are ended:
Then lay me too, even me,
In the bed from anguish free.

In the darksome valley, why
Find delight or occupation?
Since however great or high,
Proud or rich may be our station,
All away, like sand, shall flit,
When the wind blows over it.

Therefore, earth, farewell, I say,
False the hopes from thee we borrow!
Let me now in peace away—
E'en the very joy is sorrow;
Fleeting is thy beauty's glow,
Vain deceit and empty show.

Therefore, now a last good night!
Sun and moon and stars of fire,
Farewell to your splendour bright!
Higher now I soar, far higher,
Where there is such glorious day,
Ye will vanish quite away.

Fare ye well, beloved friends!
Ye whose tears so fast are flowing;
God for all will make amends,
For our griefs are His bestowing:
Weep not joys that can't endure,
Heavenly joys alone are sure.

Weep not that I bid farewell
To the world and all its errors,
Far from vanity to dwell,
Far from darkness and its terrors:
Weep not that I take my flight
To the land of endless light.

Weep not—lo! my Saviour there,
Mercy to my soul revealing;
I too have obtained a share
In His heart's deep wounds so healing:
Whence the holy fountain streamed,
Which this sinful world redeemed!

Weep not—my Redeemer lives—
  High above dark earth ascending,
Hope her heavenly comfort gives;
  Faith stands by, her shield extending;
Love eternal whispers near,
"Child of God, no longer fear."

*Translated by* Miss Cox.

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## THE RIVER OF GOD.

"There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

River of God; that springest
  Before the throne on high,
To weary men thou bringest
  Healing and comfort nigh.

Beside thy crystal waters,
  Within thy golden streets,
God's chosen sons and daughters,
  In one bright body meet.

They know no care for ever,
  Sorrow and pain are o'er:
*That* union nought shall sever,
  They live for evermore.

They see the Hand that fed them,
The Power that kept them strong;
They bless the Love that led them
Tenderly, all life-long.

River of God! with gladness
That city Thou dost fill;
Thou dost dispel all sadness,
Thou dost all strength instil.

River of God! beside Thee,
Pure joys and love abide,
What, tho' earth's mists may hide thee,
What tho' rash men deride;

They hide but cannot stain thee,
We feel that Thou art pure;
We cannot yet attain Thee,
Yet know Thee ever sure.

# Gathered Flowers.

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"They died, for Adam sinned;
They live, for Christ hath died."

# Gathered Flowers.

## THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

NO mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed,
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,
For we uncheered beside it sit alone,
And listen to the wild and beating rain,
In angry gusts, against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

Ah! no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,
This thought allowing: thou, removed from harms,
In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,
Oh, not in Abraham's,—in a Saviour's arms.

In that dear Lord's who in thy worst distress,
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the ground,
To die and live, and bear more precious ear,
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall bring,
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—
Yea, with a living harvest, laugh and sing.

TRENCH.

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## TO MY GATHERED LILY.

"My Beloved is gone down unto His garden to gather lilies."

IT DIED, FOR ADAM SINNED:
IT LIVED, FOR JESUS DIED.

MY lovely little lily, thou wert gathered very soon,
In the fresh and dewy morning, not in the glare of noon;
The Saviour sent His angels to bear thee hence my own,
And they'll plant thee in *that* garden where decay is never known.

How peacefully, how sweetly, ebbed thy little life away,
Oh, blest for ever be the God who heard thy mother pray!
She did not wish to keep thee in this world of sin and strife,
But she pray'd that thou without a pang might'st yield thy infant life.

She watch'd thee, how she watch'd thee thro' that anxious night and day,
And only turn'd her eyes from thee, to look to Heaven and pray!
"Deal gently with my darling!" was still her fervent cry—
And, "trust Me with thy little one," seemed still the Lord's reply.

My Lily! oh my Lily! I saw thee hour by hour,
Still drooping nearer to the earth, my pale, and precious flower!
And as I marked the glazing eye, and felt the cheek grow cold—
The mingled thoughts that fill'd my heart, they never can be told!

'Twas in thy mother's arms my own resigned its breath,
And she will thank her God for *that* till she too sinks in death.
Oh! tenderly indeed, my love, the Saviour dealt with us,
When He in pitying love disarmed the King of Terrors thus.

One long-drawn sigh thy mother heard from thy unconscious breast,
And then she saw thy eyelids close, and knew thou wert at rest;
She pressed her lips upon thy cheek—how icy cold it felt!
And turning from thy chamber then, she went apart and knelt.

And often, often ere it came, that last sad solemn day,
Beside thy cradle-coffin she would sit, and gaze, and pray ;
And never, never from her heart, can thy sweet image fade,
So pure, so white, so still, so cold, as if of marble made.

And when at length the day was come—the solemn parting day,
That saw thee from thy earthly home, my loved one borne away ;
Still, still my God was with thee ! and I was not seen to weep,
When they laid thee in the quiet tomb, where thy father's kindred sleep.

And years have passed away since then, and many a joy and care
Have filled by turns thy mother's heart, in which thou hadst no share ;
But still within that heart she keeps one sacred spot for thee,
And thine, my Lily, thine alone, that spot shall ever be !

And often when I kneel in prayer I thank my Saviour yet,
For all His tender love to thee, which I can ne'er forget ;
And when I pray for those I love still left on earth with me,
I ask my God to deal with *them* as gently as with *thee*.

## PAUL GERHARD ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

"For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

I.

Yes, thou art mine, still mine, my son,
Whoe'er may think thee lost for ever;
But now thou art not mine alone,—
Since He, of life the Lord and Giver,
Who hath a stronger right than mine
Hath called thee hence, and I resign
To Him mine own, my darling boy,
The fulness of my earthly joy.

II.

Ah, were the choice but given to me,
No earthly good, no earthly pleasure,
But willingly would I for thee
Give up, my heart's most cherished treasure.
"Yes," I would say, "still with me stay,
"Be thou my dwelling's light alway:
"And while love warms this heart of mine,
"That love, my darling, will be thine."

III.

So speaks my heart and means it well,
But God the Highest, means it better;
My love is more than tongue can tell,
But in His heart is love still greater.

I am a father,—that alone,—
He, of all fathers, Head and Crown,—
Fountain of Being, whence have sprung
All loves that link, both old and young.

IV.

I long full sorely for my son :
God but awhile the gift was lending ;
And now He wills that near His throne
He shall abide in bliss unending.
" Alas, my light is quenched," *I* say ;
*He* saith, " Beloved ! come away,
" For evermore with me to dwell,
" And taste of joys unspeakable."

V.

O, gracious word,—O sweet desire,—
Holy, beyond our dim foreseeing ;
In God's abode no ill can be,
No sorrow of this mortal being.
There come no sickness, want, or care,
Sin casts not once its shadows there,
And all God loves and watches o'er,
Are safe from evil evermore.

VI.

We parents are full oft oppress'd
With cares about a child's upbringing,
We work and plan, and take no rest,—
To one bright hope for ever clinging ;

To see them thro' our pains and care,
Settled in life with prospects fair;
Yet seldom things fall out as we
In our fond dreams had hoped to see.

VII.

How many a youth that promised well,
By the world's breath is blighted wholly,
And, yielding to the Tempter's spell,
Soon turns aside to paths of folly.
And o'er it darkly gathers then
The frown of God, the scorn of men,—
The father weeping tears of shame
For the lost child who blots his name.

VIII.

Such evil chance can ne'er be his,
Safe in the dwelling of the Father;
He walks in that fair Paradise
Where Christ His happy saints doth gather.
There his is pleasure unexprest,
From every heartache he hath rest;
He sees the shining angel-band,
Who, here unseen, around us stand.

IX.

He hears the song the angels sing,
And with the strain his voice is blending;
He drinks of wisdom from the spring,
He speaks of things all thoughts transcending:

Things none of us can see or know
While in this region dim and low,
Which, strive how hard soe'er, the mind
With all its searching cannot find.

X.

Oh, if afar I could but stand,
And for a moment catch but faintly
Thy voice, my son, amid the band
Of worshippers white-robed and saintly:
Thy voice the holy God adore,
Who makes thee holy evermore;
Methinks it would my heart so thrill,
That tears of joy mine eyes would fill.

XI.

I could but say, "There blest abide,
"And I will cease this weak repining;"
My son—oh wert thou by my side!
Nay, hush my heart! and come, thou shining
Swift chariot of the prophet, come
And bear me upwards to the home
Where he and all the blessed dwell,
And speak of things too high to tell.

XII.

So let it be—God's will is best—
I bow my head in meek submission;
Thou livest and art truly blest
In glory's clear and open vision.

In the glad sunshine of this smile
Abide for ever. I the while
Will, with our brethren, onwards fare,
And, in God's time, rejoin thee there.

*Translated by* J. D. Burns.

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"Only a year."

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A dear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago—what loves, what schemes,
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife.

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,—
Of all the beauty, life and joy
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone ;
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above the head :
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tell us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved ?
What hast thou seen ?
What visions fair, what glorious life
Where thou hast been ?

The veil ! the veil so thin, so strong
'Twixt us and thee ;
The mystic veil when shall it fall
That we may see.

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year.

H. B. Stowe.

## "IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

I HAVE a son, a darling son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell:
To us, for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow,
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye;

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his life can never cease,
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace:
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse of that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose the treasures left than have him back again.

MOULTRIE.

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